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Poetry.

MAY WITH THE POETS.

Every heart this merry May morning in joyance is benting
Full merrily.
—*Tennyson.*

Sweet as blossoms are girls of May.
—*M. M. D.*

And 'tis joy enough to be alive,
In the heavenly month of May.
—*Celia Thaxter.*

Queens and jewels there may be,
But what is so sweet to see
As flowers and children meeting in the darling month o' May.
—*Anon.*

It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning.
—*Longfellow.*

But Winter lingering chills the lap of May.
—*Goldsmith.*

Clouds
That shed May flowers.
—*Milton.*

The merry month of May.
—*Shakespeare.*

We frolic while 'tis May.
—*Thomas Gray.*

I think the pale blue clouds of May
Drop down and turn to flowers.
—*T. B. Aldrich.*

How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing birds
And opening springtide flowers.
—*Aldrich.*

Many a thought
Is wedded into thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fall, till to its autumn brought
Life's golden fruit is shed.
—*Longfellow.*

For May wel have no slogardie a-night,
The season pricketh every gentle hearte,
And maketh him out his slepe to starte.
—*Chaucer.*

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and lead with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that doth inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.
—*Milton.*

Maiden that readeth this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O, it is not always May.

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will tench thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!
—*Longfellow.*

Wreaths for the May! for happy Spring
To-day shall all her dowry bring.—
The love of kind, the joy, the grace,
Hymen of element and race,
Spring well to celebrate
With song and hue and star and state,
With tender light and youthful cheer,
The espousals of the new-born year.
—*Emerson.*

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May:
Spring goes by with wooing yearnings,—
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings,—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.
—*McCarthy.*

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.
—*Longfellow.*

DAN'S WIFE.

Up in early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, setting right,
Doing all the household carings,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling Bridget what to do,
Mending rips in Johnnie's shoe,
Running up and down the stair,
Tying baby in her chair,
Cutting meat and spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head,
Eating as she can, by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance!
Toiling, busy life—
Smart woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night,
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,
Children meet him at the door,
Full him down and look him o'er;
Wife asks how the day has gone,
"Busy time with us at home!"
Supper done, Dan reads with ease—
Happy Dan, but one to please!
Children must be put to bed;
All the little prayers are said;
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes,
Busy, wearing life—
Tired woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep—
See the woman softly creep;
Baby rests at last; poor dear,
Not a word her heart to cheer.
Mending basket full to top,
Stockings, shirt and little frock;
Tired eyes and weary hands,
Side with darting ugly pain;
"Never mind, 'twill pass away;"
She must work but never play;
Closed piano, unused book,
Done the walks to pleasant nooks
Brightness faded out of life—
Saddened woman,
Dan's wife!

Up stairs, tossing to and fro,
Fever holds the woman low;
Children wander free to play,
When and where they will to-day;
Bridget loiters—dinner's cold,
Dan looks anxious, cross and old;
Household screws all out of place,
Lacking one dear, patient face,
Steady hands so tried and true,
Hands that knew just what to do,
Never seeking rest nor play,
Folded now, and laid away,
Work of six in one short life—
Murdered woman,
Dan's wife.

Our Story Teller.

TWICE WOOED.

"I wonder what my neighbor overheard has been doing with himself all day? I have not heard him once. That young is a mystery. He is a sculptor, my landlady says—*sculpture*, she calls it. Yet for the year I have been in these apartments I've never set eyes on him. He glides in and out like a ghost. He excites my curiosity. I have a good mind, the next time I hear him pass, to open the door and see what he is like."

The thought elicited a pleasant, musical laugh from the speaker as, having arranged her tea-table, she sat down to the meal alone.

Pauline Maurier was over thirty, and without a relative in the world. She had inherited from her parents an income of $250, upon which, by the aid of photographic coloring, she managed to live comfortably.

The tea made, Pauline ranged the photographs she had brought home before her, and began, as she drank her tea, to consider their style and expression. In her heart Pauline was an artist and a *devote* of art.

A perfect silence reigned in the pleasant sitting-room, save for the cheerful hum of the kettle, when suddenly there sounded through the apartment a faint prolonged groan.

"What ever was that?" ejaculated Pauline Maurier, nearly dropping her cup and sitting erect.

Had it been fancy? No. Listening distinctly, she heard it again and again, as of one in mortal suffering—as of one ill unto death—and it came from the room above.

"Why, it's my neighbor!" cried Pauline, starting to her feet.

Then she stood still. The first natural impulse of her good heart was to fly to his help—but English sensitiveness interfered. He was a perfect stranger. She hesitated.

"It's no good!" she exclaims, as a fainter moan reached her. "Our landlady is out. I am the only one in the house. I *must* go or the poor fellow may die for want of help."

Quitting the room, she sped lightly up to the second landing and knocked. There was no response except a moan—fainter, fainter yet.

Pauline Maurier was too excited to stand on etiquette. She tried the handle, it yielded, and she opened the door—only to recoil, half suffocated by the odor that rushed forth.

The whole was instantly plain to her. In a moment she had darted in, flung wide the window, and, seizing a water jug, dashed it over a small brazier from which the heavy, stifling fumes arose.

This done, panting, she look around. The apartment was a studio, poor in the extreme, but rendered rich by beautiful statuettes, finished and half completed, while some were only conceptions in the rough clay.

The wretched room was refined by the poetry of genius; but where was the genius, the sculptor—Pauline Maurier's mysterious neighbor? As the mental question occurred her eyes rested on a low couch covered by a tattered patchwork coverlet. On it was extended a man.

The intruder started, hesitated one second, then, approaching, raised the lamp she had brought above her head, so as to throw the light fully on the figure. It was that of a young man, tall, slightly and gracefully made, with a handsome, intellectual, refined countenance—ah! how terribly refined!—by nature, but also by trouble, and want; the white cheeks were hollow, the small lips contracted, the delicate eyelids so transparent that the pupils could be faintly discerned beneath; while the long hair, of a silky brown, fell weak and lank from the white forehead.

It was not at these, however, that Pauline Maurier looked, but at the agony, the suffering on the face—the terrible, almost death-like grip of the white, slender fingers.

Was it death?

Trembling, she placed her hands on the pulse. No; there was a flutter. Then there was hope.

Rapidly she raised him, that the air from the window might blow upon his face; afterwards, fetching the water, she bathed his temples.

Ten minutes, and with a low, quivering sigh the sculptor's eyes—large, blue and brilliant from the fever of hunger—opened and fixed themselves upon his preserver.

"Where am I?" he murmured. "Who are you?"

Then recollection flashed back. Uttering a stifled cry, he buried his face in his hands as he exclaimed:

"Oh! why have you recalled my life? A life as unfortunate as it is useless."

"Useless! The man who, capable of executing such beautiful works as these"—and Pauline Maurier pointed to the statuettes—"uses such terms and destroys the soul Heaven has given, commits a double sin against his Creator."

The sculptor looked up in surprise.

The tones were stern, reproachful, though their voice was singularly sympathetic and sweet.

"Who are you, madam?" he again asked.

"Your fellow-lodger," answered Pauline Maurier.

"Ah! the lady who has rooms beneath this," he remarked; then added, with a bitter smile, "I thank you; for your words are flattering to a sculptor's ear. But you are mistaken in blaming me. Many of these works may be beautiful; indeed, I have found persons ever ready to praise, but—not one purchaser. Look, my studio speaks for itself; it is poor, and my statuettes remain its sole ornaments. The hand that fashioned them is shaking, with—yes—starvation!"

Pauline Maurier averted her gaze from the wan, white face, so despairing, so poetic, for there were tears on the hollow cheeks which deeply moved her. She proceeded, however, firmly:

"We are apt to accuse the world when the fault lies in our own lack of courage and energy."

"You are cruel!" he sighed; "you do not know!"

"I am just!" she replied. "Still, you are not to blame; you are a sculptor—your brain is occupied with the poetry of your art. You are not fit to battle with the world—I read it in your face. Sensitively organized, the first repulse carries you into despair."

He regarded her amazed. Then abruptly covering his face ejaculated:

"You speak truly. I have despaired—and starved. I could not hawk my works—the loved children of my brain. It killed me; I preferred death!"

"Have you no friends?" asked Pauline Maurier, after a pause.

"None! I am a stranger in New York. Therefore, why should I live, poor and alone as I am?"

"To bring to perfection the genius heaven has bestowed upon you. There," she proceeded cheerfully, for the singular fashion of their introduction had removed all stiff reserve, "I believe I have been made the instrument to save your life, because fate has destined you for lgreat things. I have a favor to ask of you in return."

"Name it!" he exclaimed, gratefully. "It is granted. Whether I can rejoice that existence is yet mine or not, your noble kindness is the same."

Taking her slender hand, he pressed it to his lips.

"First, I want you to lend me one of these statuettes as a remembrance of this day."

"It is yours—I give it."

"Nay, I take it as a loan only. Now, I want you to carry it down stairs yourself and join me at tea."

He would have refused, but was powerless before her gentle authority. Selecting his very best statuette—a youthful group classically posed, representing spring banishing Winter—he followed Pauline Maurier to the sitting-room. When, an hour later, he returned to his studio Cyril Hargreave was already a changed man. His heart was lighter, his mind more hopeful; as Pauline had said, Heaven had given he had caught enery from Pauline Maurier. She had read him correctly—a genius, he lacked, owing to physical weakness, the power of application and will to struggle to fame.

"For all that," she commented when alone, "his talents shall not be lost."

Pauline Maurier felt that the one prayer of her life had been answered. At last she had some one to work for, to help, to spend that energy upon she could not exert for herself. The difference in their ages enabled her, she thought, to do this without impropriety even in the world's eyes.

That evening Cyril heard a light step outside his door; opening it, he found a small basket full of necessary provisions, but the person who had left it had vanished. A moment after, much moved, he stood in Pauline's apartment.

"I cannot take this, indeed I cannot," he said, blushing painfully.

"You must," said Pauline firmly. "There is no disgrace in a loan. You will find the bill inside. I would not hurt your feelings for the world. When you sell your statuettes you shall pay me!"

"When!" he smiled faintly.

"Hush! You promised me not to despair!" she interrupted. "Now go; good-night. I have work to do."

Next morning Pauline Maurier went out early. Under her shawl she carried Cyril Hargreave's statuette.

Some while previous to this episode in her life she had become acquainted with ——, one of the princes among the American sculptors, as unselfish as he was clever and generous.

It was to his *atelier* that Pauline was bound. Reaching it, in a brief space she had told her story and shown the statuette.

"It is beautiful! It is the work of a genius! the conception of a poet!" replied the sculptor.

"And the genius, the poet is starving!" said Pauline, with a sneering *mone* at the word. "Can you do anything for him?"

"The old thing, Miss Maurier," smiled the sculptor. "Ever asking for others, never for yourself!"

"I only plead for those who are worthy," she laughed.

"Well, I will do what I can," and writing on a slip of paper, he gave it to her. "Take this," he proceaded, "to the gentleman living at this address. Say you come from me. If any one will buy the group, he will, and at an honest price."

Pauline, thanking him warmly, departed.

That evening Cyril Hargreave, after a temporary absence, on entering his studio, found a pile of gold standing on a banknote on his table. Coloring crimson, seizing them, he darted to Pauline's room.

"What is the meaning of this?" he gasped, in agitation.

"Meaning? There, do not look distressed; the money is your own," responded Pauline, in a very matter-of-fact tones. "And please, I shall be obliged, Mr. Hargreave, if you would now settle my little account of yesterday."

"Mine? This?" he exclaimed.

"Yours. Look round. Where is your statuette? Gone! There," and she pointed to the gold, "is its representative. You see I have been more fortunate than you. Sit down and listen."

When she had told her re ital Cyril Hargeave's eyes were full of tears. He pressed Pauline's hand to his lips.

"My preserver!" he murmured, with emotion. "How can I repay you?"

"By becoming the genius I have predicted," she replied.

So matters went on. Cyril had found a friend, Pauline a field for her energy. Naturally a strong liking grew up between them. When that fatal dreamy languor seized the sculptor, or he revolted from some commonplace work necessary for bread and cheese, Pauline Maurier roused and saved him.

He owed all to her. He felt without her he should be nothing. Intensely grateful, he saw in her his only friend.

One day he asked her to come and see a statue he had just finished. As she admired it, he said, taking her hand:

"In praising it you praise yourself, Miss Maurier, for it is more your work than mine; but for you I should have been nothing. Miss Maurier—Pauline—may I—dare I—ask you to be ever by my side? It is a selfish wish, for you are my genius."

"What do you mean?" asked Pauline, amazed and flushing red.

"Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife!"

There was a silence. Pauline had turned deathly pale. There was one violent struggle. Then looking up smiling she said:

"I thank you much, Mr. Hargreave, and fully appreciate the kind generosity of such an offer, but it cannot be—our ages forbid it. I am too old."

"Nay, what are years when two lives are bound in one—when they are necessary to each other?" cried the sculptor. "You are my preserver. I cannot live without you. I was dying and you saved me. I was penniless, you gave me work. I was unknown, you gave me fame; my fame rests in your hands—without you I am nothing."

Earnestly he pleaded. Long, against the urging of her own heart, for she loved him with a self-sacrificing devotion, Pauline Maurier resisted. She placed everything in the worst light. He would not listen.

Finally she yielded, making this proviso—that if his mind should change before their wedding he would tell her and all should be over between them.

"I love you too well," she smiled, "to see you, for any selfish gratification of my own, made miserable."

He promised, and a kiss that ran through Pauline's every nerve, sealed the compact.

Time passed by. Pauline Maurier was as happy as the day. Joy, that sweet cosmetic, made her younger by years. Cyril worked laboriously, and gradually his name was growing in favor with the public.

Suddenly, however, Pauline observed a change in him—the eyes of love were not to be deceived. He spoke less; his smiles were constrained, as if his thoughts were absent; and frequently she found him lost in deep, sad reverie. What was the reason? She feared she divined it, but trembled to have it confirmed.

One morning, chancing to turn over some papers on Cyril's table while he was away, she came upon the photograph of a girl about 19. She was charmingly pretty, with large brown eyes, light hair, and a petulant, willful, provoking mouth.

"It is she!" exclaimed Pauline Maurier, with a gasp, and an awful chill about the heart. "It is this girl—he loves! I do not like the face; it bespeaks vanity and selfishness."

It was the criticism of a rival.

Replacing the carte-de-visite, she went with her great grief to her own room. It was a struggle it alone witnessed shall not be commented upon. On hearing Cyril Hargreave return, composing her features, she ascended to see him on business; that done, as carelessly as she could, standing at his side at the table, she found the likeness, and said:

"Who is this, Cyril? She has a pretty countenance."

She spoke indifferently, but painfully was she interested. She saw the blood fly to his cheek, the trembling hand with which he almost seized the carte in nervous haste; she heard his confused, stammering voice as he replied:

"That?—how came it there? It—it is nothing. Only a Miss Rose Armroyd, whose father gave me my last commission."

"Cyril," said Pauline, quietly, "why have you broken your promise to me? It is unfair."

"What do you mean, dearest?" he asked, not looking at her.

"That this young lady has risen between you and me. You love her."

"Love!" he replied. "No—no—not that, I admire. Her father has been very kind. Pauline," he added, passionately, "dear Pauline, you mistake; do you think I could be untrue to one to whom I owe everything?"

"No," she smiled. "But you give to me, gratitude—to her, love. It is natural, and no fault of yours."

In vain he protested, pleaded; she had read the truth, though his earnestness forced her to conceal it.

"Very well," she remarked. "Let us say no more now, dear Cyril. We will speak of it another time."

He would not have argued. Kindly she checked him, and he believed at last that he had convinced her.

The next morning, on coming rather late into the studio, his eye rested upon a letter lying upon the table. It was from Pauline Maurier and addressed to him. He tore it open, then, with a cry, dropped into a chair. The letter ran:

DEAREST CYRIL:—You find that I was correct—you the reverse. The barriers which I pointed out as existing to our union are too strong for you to beat down. I give no blame to you, as I love you too dearly to demand such a sacrifice. My happiness consists in yours, and you may not share it at your side. Wed her whom you love; but I may not remain near to witness her happiness. May her affection equal mine! May your fame be as dear to her as it is to me! May she suit you, for your disposition needs encouragement and support! I implore heaven she may give it, for you are at that point when the next few years will make or mar you, dearest. Oh! if you care for me, let it be the former! On my knees I pray you, for my sake, to work and become the great sculptor I have prophesied! Farewell! Heaven bless you, my darling, and do not think I blame you.

Yours, in fond memory,
PAULINE MAURIER.

Rising, Cyril flew to the writer's sitting-room. The door stood open—a small card was in the window. Pauline had gone. He sought the landlady; she confirmed his surmise. She had departed early that morning—the woman did not know whither.

Returning to his studio, Cyril gave way to passionate self-upbraiding, the very fierceness of which proved its duration. Soon a joy crept into his heart—that Pauline owned herself he was not to blame, and Rose Armroyd might be his.

Nevertheless, he strove to discover the runaway, during which his work fell behind.

"This will never do. Why did she leave me?" he exclaimed, returning to his occupation.

A twelvemonth later he had married Rose Armroyd.

Four years passed. During the first Cyril's name appeared frequently in the newspaper articles. Next year they occurred less. The next and the next they were entirely absent.

Painfully the truth fell upon Pauline Maurier.

"He must be saved!" she exclaimed one day rising up. "This woman he has wedded does not understand him. He is dearer than kin to me. He must be roused."

The next morning Pauline Maurier was in New York, but to find Cyril Hargreave was difficult. At the places where he had previously obtained commissions they nothing of him. He had either dropped them, or they him, owing to work being never completed to time, or executed in a slovenly manner.

Finally Pauline Maurier applied to her friend, the sculptor, where she got some news. Cyril Hargreave had made one or two failures, owing apparently to carelessness. People who had predicted great things were offended; their amour propre being touched. The sculptor feared he had not been making much lately. He knew he lived somewhere in Avenue A.

Pauline Maurier, with that clue, departed. The street was poor and mean. After applying at numberless doors, she was successful. A slatternly servant said the gentleman lived there on the third floor, but made no offer to show the visitor up, so she ascended alone and knocked.

A voice bade her enter. She did so, and found herself in the sculptor's studio. But how different from the one she had made for him! Poor, neglected; was this the fame she had predicted for her love?

Tears were in her eyes, her heart, when she heard a voice from the inner room demanding who was there. She approached the open door, and a cry escaped her lips as she beheld, stretched on a wretched pallet, Cyril Hargreave, his handsome face worn, haggard, attenuated it seemed to death.

"Cyril!" she cried, and, unable to resist the impulse, rushing forward, falling on her knees by the bed, in which she buried her face, and bursting into passionate sobs—"Oh, Cyril, my dear," she wept, "do I find you thus?"

Her name, uttered in joyful surprise, escaped his lips; his thin hand rested on her head; tears trickled down his cheek, and there was silence.

Need the feelings of those two be described! No. Pauline had forgotten the four intervening years, when, with a blush of confusion, looking up, she suddenly asked:

"Where is your wife, Cyril?"

The sick man averted his face, then made the painful confession. The wife had speedily grown weary of the home he had given her. She cared not for his genius further than its remuneretiveness. She hated poverty; she loved wealth, adulation, gayety. She pouted that Cyril devoted himself to his work, and did not escort her on her visits. She had married him, believing him renowned; she found him only battling hard for fame. To soothe her he had hurried or neglected his work. Naturally his income diminished; the wife grew fretful, and finally fled back to her father's roof. He did not seek her return; the pretty face and vain heart no longer had charms for him.

"I was disheartened. I saw the halo of the fame that was to be mine fade away," he concluded. "I despaired; I renounced hope. I longed for death."

"Hope I will bring," whispered Pauline Maurier firmly. Fame *shall* be yours; then your wife will return proud of you, and you shall be happy."

He faintly shook his head, but made no demur to her constituting herself his nurse. Her presence again aroused him; catching her energy, he cast off the languor he had yielded to. In three days he was once more in his studio, attempting a little work, while Pauline read aloud.

Was it the same studio? or had the sun never shown there until now? How light, how cheerful it looked! The presiding genius was not the sun, but the magic touch of a fond woman's hand.

The fourth day, when Pauline Maurier called at the studio, she found Cyril reading a telegram.

"My wife is ill," he said. She is in Ohio; they think it nothing dangerous, but have sent for me."

"Go instantly!" exclaimed Pauline.

He went, and it was Pauline who paid for the journey.

Over a week elapsed; Cyril Hargreave returned.

Pauline Maurier was awaiting him. She started as he entered, for he was in deep mourning.

"Yes," he said, answering her glance, "Rose is dead. Poor child, she died beseeching forgiveness."

"And you forgave her?"

"I did."

"It was right. Poor girl!"

* * * * *

Two more years have elapsed. The sculptor and Pauline Maurier stand together in a pleasant studio. Again he had asked her to be his.

"See," he smiled, "our years do not seem so different now!" and he touched his brown hair prematurely streaked with gray. "I believe I am the elder of the two."

Pauline, smiling, shook her head, but she answered him with a "Yes!"

* * * * *

"My dear Jack," remarked a well-known sculptor, as he stood with a friend in the museum, "that statuette—so chaste, so full of poetic fire—which you so praise, would never have delighted your eyes, would never have been known to the world, but for a woman. The sculptor—a genius—would have died obscure, poor, ignorant of his own great talent, but for the same cause. A woman stepped in and saved him. All lovers of art must bless her. Hush—here she is!"

He motioned to the door, where a gentleman—tall, handsome, bearded, the light of happiness, prosperity and intellect on his features—entered, with a lady on his arm, whose step had a proud dignity, whose gentle face displayed amiability and kindliness.

"That," remarked the sculptor, "is Cyril Hargreave, of whom every fashionable and art circle is speaking—and that is his noble wife. Between you and me, Jack, we owe as many thanks to her as to him for this lovely statuette."

TEN THINGS A BABY CAN DO.

It can beat any alarm clock ever invented, waking a family up in the morning.

Give it a fair show and it can smash more dishes than the most industrious servant girl in the country.

It can fall down oftener and with less provocation than the most expert tumbler in the circus ring.

It can make more genuine fuss over a simple brass pin than its mother would over a broken back.

It can choke itself black in the face with greater ease than the most accomplished wretch that ever was executed.

It can keep a family in a constant turmoil from morning till night and night till morning without once varying its tune.

It can be relied upon to sleep peacefully all day when its father is down town, and cry persistently at night when he is particularly sleepy.

It may be the naughtiest, dirtiest, ugliest, most fretful baby in all the world, but yo can never make its mother believe it, and you had better not try it.

It can be a charming and model infant when no one is around, but when visitors are present it can exhibit more bad temper than both of its parents together.

It can brighten up a house better than all the furniture ever made; make sweeter music than the finest orchestra organized; fill a larger place in its parents' breasts than they knew they had, and when it goes away it can cause a greater vacancy and leave a greater blank than all the rest of the world put together.

Teach the Boys.

Boys are generally eager to learn anything that is worth learning. If they are not given something useful to learn, they will fill their minds with something, even if it be trash and rubbish.

Teach them to be polite in their manners.

Teach them to be neat and genteel in their appearance.

Teach them habits of cleanliness and good order.

Teach them arithmetic in all its branches.

Teach them to ride, drive, jump, run and swim.

Teach them the care of horses, wagons and tools.

Teach them careful and correct business habits.

Teach them economy in all their affairs.

Teach them how to earn money.

Teach them how to get the most for their money.

Teach them history and political economy.

Teach them, by example, how to do things well.

Teach them to avoid profane and indecent language.

Teach them to avoid tobacco and strong drink.

Teach them to be manly, self-reliant and aggressive.

Teach them to be strictly truthful.

Teach them short-hand and type-writing.

Don'ts Worth Remembering.

Don't say "You're a liar," unless you are talking to a sick woman or a cripple.

Don't say "I'll see your bet and go you ten better," unless you dealt the hand yourself.

Don't say "I will kick your lung in," because not being an acrobat you are likely to fail.

Don't begin a story, "I heard a good story the other day," unless you have a strong grip on your victim's coat collar.

Don't say "I've sworn off and never will take another drink," unless you are talking to a man that doesn't know you.

Don't insist upon paying a man more than he says is due him. He may object to lending money to an idiot next time.

How They Smell in Spain.

By an extravagant and continuous consumption of garlic, these people, men and women, get it into their skins. From their skins it passes into their clothes, so that they walk about in a small personal atmosphere of garlic indescribably sickly and sickening. A Spanish gentleman remarked to me one day in a Madrid salon, whilst praising English women, their beauties, virtues, etc.: "There is only one fault that I detected in them—their skin has no perfume. When I kiss a Spanish lady's hand, I smell that delicious national odor that we all adore; but an English lady's hand, though delicately white and soft, does not absolutely smell of anything." He missed, poor fellow, the taint of garlic.—*Madrid Correspondence.*

Saving Qualities of Salt.

A very simple elixir of life has been proposed by a learned professor of Ghent. He asserts that if the world would only take the proper amount of salt, centenarians would become almost as common as newborn babes. According to his theory, salt is the great regularizing agent, and he estimates the quantity of salt which every adult in ordinary health should consume daily is two-thirds of an ounce.

Humor.

ONE KIND OF AMERICAN.

The Careless Citizen Down in Southwestern Missouri.

Southwestern Missouri has developed a type of careless individuality little different from the conventional unconcern of the "old time" Arkansaw squatter. A traveler on horseback, who had been out all day in the chilling rain, stopped late in the night at a small stone house situated on the top of a bleak knob. After the traveler had shouted until he feared that his throat had been permanently damaged, the door was opened with a creak that echoed down the "hollow."

"Mister," the traveller began, "I am as wet as a dog, and—"

"Must uv been in the rain," the native broke in, opening the door a little wider and poking out his head a little further.

"Yes, since 5 o'clock this morning."

"Got er putty early start, I low."

"Pretty early? Yes, I've been out in the rain since 5 o'clock, and—"

"Rainin' when you started, I reckon."

"Yes, but my business was so urgent that I had to leave—"

"What bus'ness are ye in?"

"I am a large dealer in salt and—"

"Reckon that about all yer've got with yer is melted by this time."

"Got none with me, of course. My friend, I don't like to put you to any inconvenience, but you see—"

"Kain't say that I do. Mout ef it wasn't so allfired dark."

"I say, you must know—"

"Didn't. Yer said I see."

"Well that makes no difference. I am as wet as a dog and am very cold, and if you can't do anything else for me let me come in and give me a drink of water, for I am as dry as a powder horn."

"Thought yer wuz ez wet ez er dog."

"I am."

"Then how ken yer be ez dry ez er powder horn!"

"Here, let us do away with these quibbles. I am in distress and want you to help me."

"Don't be no ways back'ards; he'p yerse'f."

"You are certainly a tough customer."

"That's what Eli Bragg, the miller, says when he tried to cheat me."

"I don't care a cent what Eli Bragg says, I—"

"Me nuther."

"Look here."

"Wall."

"May I get off my horse and come in?"

"Ef yer come in I reckon yer'll have to get offen yer horse."

"Well, in case I come in, what must I do with my horse?"

"Leave him outside, I reckon."

"Haven't you got any shelter for your stock?"

"No."

"Doesn't the bad weather nearly kill them?"

"No."

"How do you account for it?"

"Au't got no stock."

"Haven't you got as much as a smoke house to give shelter to my horse."

"Got no smoke-house. All the smoke we want we get in here."

"Suppose I lead him through this gate and turn him loose in the lot?"

"All right."

The traveler turned his horse loose and entered the house. The host raked the chunks together and soon a bright blaze sprang up in the great fireplace. He did not stop at this small attempt to make his guest comfortable, but brought him a "hunk" of corn bread and the boiled foot of a hog.

"I am deeply thankfull to you."

"Not er tall."

"I suppose there is room enough in the lot to enable my horse to walk around and keep warm?"

"Oh, yas."

"I am glad that I was'nt compelled to tie him, fearing that he might break loose and go back sixty miles, to the place from which I started this morning. I have lost my road, but doubtless he knows well enough where he is. He is a very valuable animal. So you say he's got plenty of room?"

"Oh, yes."

"How many acres are in the lot?"

"Don't know."

"How far across from one fence to the other?"

"I don't know. I didn't make but one fence. Thar mout be ernother one, but I ain't seed it yit. Reckon thar's one somewhere 'twix here an the state line. Don't be in er hurry. Why I never seed er mule in sick or swivel. Why'nt I tell yer? Why dad blame yer ugly pictur', yer didn't ax me. Must be er blame fool to think that I ken tend to yore business an' mine too. Good-by."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Bishop Was Ready for Him.

Mr. Labouchere relates this story of Bishop Wilberforce, which has not before, he thinks, been printed:

The Bishop was riding in one of the old-fashioned broad-gauge railway carriages and was seated at one end of it, when he heard a truculent voice at the other end exclaim:

"I would dearly like to meet the Bishop of Oxford. I will be bound I would puzzle him."

"Very well," replied the Bishop to the speaker, who had not perceived him, "now is your time, for I am that person."

The man was rather aback, but quickly recovering, said: "Well, my lord, can you tell a plain man a plain way to get to heaven?"

"Certainly," replied the Bishop, "nothing is more easy. You have only to turn at once to the right, and go straight forward."

It's Only Father, You Know.

Bagley—Going to Newport this summer? DeBaggs—H'm—well, I dunno. Maria inclines to Cape May. Tom wants to take in the Yellowstone, Hortense thinks there is nothing like Saratoga, and Mrs. DeBaggs has a hankering after Europe. "And where do you want to go?" "Me? Oh, I'll take my outing on the street cars riding to the office every day. Just the same as last summer—just the same.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Financial Superstition.

"I would pay that little bill to-day were it not for one thing."

"What hinders you?"

"Superstitions dread."

"That's hard on me. What is the superstition?"

"This is Tuesday, you know. Once I paid a bill on that day and that very evening I got news that my mother-in-law was coming to spend the winter."

Temporary Relief.

Bagley—I understand you and Miss Robinson have come to an understanding in that breach of promise case.

Bailey—Yes.

Bagley—What do you pay her?

Bailey—Pay her! Co you think I'm going to throw away $5,000? No, sir; sooner than do that I offered her my hand again. That'll stave matters off for five years more.—*Tid Bits.*

A Successful Appeal.

Little Dot—Mamma, can't I go over to see Lucy to-day?"

Mamma—You must not go anywhere near Lucy. She has the measles.

"Well, I isn't 'fraid of measles. Can't I go?"

"If—if you should take the measles perhaps your dollie might get them."

"Oh! I didn't tink of that."

His Scalp Was All There.

Old Gentleman—Here, sir! you are a regular fraud. My hair's coming out as bad as ever. This stuff isn't worth a continental.

Barber—I didn't promise that it would keep your hair from coming out. I said it would preserve your scalp. Your scalp's all there, isn't it?—*Harper's Bazar.*

Her Rejoinder.

He—How much did your new bonnet cost?

She—Four dollars.

He—That's right, spend your money for such things, when I haven't got a decent pair of shoes to my name.

She—Well, you can't wear a bonnet on your feet, can you?—*Tid Bits.*

A Fearful Blunder.

Minister (at the baptismal font, to father—Name, please?

Father (with impediment in his speech) —Jo-Jo-Josephine Smith.

Minister (unaware of the impediment)—Joe Joe Josephine Smith, I baptize thee, etc. (consternation of the family).—*Harper's Bazar.*

His Calling Cards.

A man's very simplicity may betray him in his efforts to deceive. A Chinaman who desired political preferment as cook in the Interior department restaurant at Washington had the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic engraved on his calling-cards.

Visiting an official, whose influence he wished to secure, Yum Lee sent in his decorated cards with a great flourish. The following conversation ensued:

"I heap likee cook."

"I can't help you. A lady manages the restaurant, and she has colored servants."

"I heap sabee. I cook fo' yeah in San Francisco; I heap sabee hashee; I heap sabee codfish baw'; I heap sabee evly ting!"

Then showing a Grand Army badge with pride, he added, "Me Gland Ihnny Lepudlic, you see?"

"I see you are a fraud," said the official, sternly; "and if you don't look out, you'll be arrested for a misdemeanor."

Mr. Yum Lee had no idea what a "misdemeanor" was, but he understood "arrested" very well indeed; so rising hastily, he murmured "Goo-by!" and rushed off, his pig-tail trembling with emotion.

Looking from his window, the official observed Mr. Yum Lee tearing up the guileful calling cards, and scattering them to the four winds.

"No Law to Compel You to Go."

The following is related of the son of a rich and well-known merchant: "The young man in question was said to be very light-headed—in fact, as near being a fool as a rich man's son could be. He, however, knew enough to build himself a very fine house in which he had a den of a room he called his library. To his friends he said: 'You see, I can shut myself in here, it is so retired, and study a month, and nobody will be the wiser of it.' He had a quarrel one day with a gentleman and he went to a well-known attorney to consult him about the matter. He paid $50 as a retainer and said: 'I have been grossly insulted. I want you to advise me what to do.' 'What was the nature of the insult?' inquired the lawyer. 'The man told me to go to sheol.' 'He told you that, did he?' and the great lawyer arose to look into the law of it. Shortly afterward he turned to his client very gravely and said, 'I wouldn't do it. There is no law in the state to compel you to do it.' The young man, it is stated, departed greatly relieved.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

Only One of the Dissatisfied.

Maxie was the little 6 year old daughter of a clergyman who had taken great pains with her religious instruction, and had held before her the goodness of the Supreme Being, so that he should have in her mind always His kindness and mercy, as well as power. One morning her mother, passing the open door of the room in which the child was playing, saw Miss Maxie standing on a chair before the mirror, with her face close to it, scrutinizing her little phiz with great earnestness, and with a long sigh she remarked, "I don't see how God could have given me such a nose when he knows how particular I am."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Clinging Vine.

Young lady—"Yes, dear, I shall always need your aid and protection. Women are poor, weak creatures at the best, and I am glad that I have found in your love a safe harbor of refuge."

Successful suitor—"You have not told me yet how your parents feel about our engagement."

"Well, pa says he will see me in my grave before he will allow me to become your wife."

"Merciful heavens!"

"Oh, don't bother about him. Ma says I can marry you."

Evading the Collector.

Bill collector (to little girl at the door)—Your father promised to pay this bill today.

Little girl (timidly)—I know it, sir; but you will have to excuse him.

Collector (sternly)—What excuse can there be for this neglect? What is his excuse?

Little girl—It isn't his his fault, really, sir; you see he went and died yesterday.—*Mail and Express.*

Public School Gems.

Some gems rescued from the collection of small-boy definitions gathered by a Massachusetts teacher from her examination papers:

Hazardous—A female hazard.

Femur—The largest bone in the human body; it is situated in the ear.

Spine—A collection of small bones extending from the head to the feet.

Ash-heels—A Greek hero celebrated in classic story, Achilles.

If this lady perseveres with her collection she will probably some time have as famous a one as Mark Twain's.—*Boston Transcript.*

Short-Sighted Pennsylvanians.

Omaha man—"From Pennsylvania, eh?"

Stranger—"Yes, I live in Oxford, Pa.; am a member of the city council there."

"Well, I hope you look after the interests of the place better than some of our councilmen do."

"We are doing our best. Recently we passed an ordinance providing for the arrest and fine of any one heard swearing on the public streets."

"Great snakes! What will you do when you want to start a balky horse?"—*Omaha World.*

A Constitutional Ailment.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big man like you, to be a beggar and a tramp. You oughtn't to be afraid of work."

"I know it, mum, but I can't help it. You see, my nurse frightened me once in a dark room when I was a baby, and I have been timid ever since."—*Mail and Express.*

Merely a Precaution.

He—What do you mean, Angelina, by instituting a breach of promise suit against me after our short engagement?

She—It's only a rule I've always adopted, George, dear, in matters of this kind. You've only known me four months.

He—What of that?

She—Well, I don't know how it will be when you have known me longer.—*Tid Bits.*

How he Liked It.

"Did you ever play poker?"

"Once."

"How did you like the game?"

"I was very much taken with it."

"Were you?"

"Yes; taken in."—*Tid Bits.*

Where They Went.

Jinks—You believe St. Patrick drove the snakes from Ireland?

Mike—Yis, sor.

Jinks—Now just look at it a moment. Where could he have driven them to?

Mike—Bedad it's meself that bees thinkin' he drove them into the whuskey.

A Sure Sign.

The peaches this year will probably be luscious and cheap. The crop has already been destroyed several times by frost, and the above result may therefore be considered assured.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Fragment of a Funeral Oration.

"Yes, my friends, the late departed was a gentlemen in every sense of the word, whose failings the world always pardoned. To prove it I have only to say that he still owes me seventeen francs and a half, and yet I am here."—*From the French.*

And Then he Was Mad.

He—"Dearest, if I had known this tunnel was so long I'd have given you a jolly hug."

She—"

Recent Literature.

From the publishing house of Thomas M. Crowell & Co., New York, comes "Sigrid," an Iceland love story, by Jan Thoroddsen. We have a glimpse in its pages of the manners and customs of the people, and it reveals the innate nobility of character existing among the peasants and shepherds of frozen Ireland. The author is one of Iceland's favorite poets. The story is pleasingly told, and marked with poetic beauty.

"Knight Errant," by Edna Lyall, is a story written in a strong and vigorous manner that has characterized all of her former works. Especially in the fine dramatic descriptions does she excel, and the teachings are of that healthy order from which the reader arises better and stronger. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"King Solomon's Mines," by H. Rider Haggard. This novel has achieved a wonderful popularity. Few stories of the season are more exciting than this, for it contains an account of the discovery of the legendary mines of King Solomon in South Africa. The style is unique and realistic throughout, and the adventures of the explorers in the land of Kukuana are full of stirring incidents. The characters, too, are powerfully drawn. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square, New York.

Literary Notes.

A movement is on foot to establish an authors' club in Boston.

The novel in the May *Lippincott's* is "The Deserter," by Capt. Charles King.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has prepared two lectures on the earlier writings of Swift.

Mr. Howell's "Modern Italian Poets" will be brought out soon by the Harper's.

"The Ingoldsby Legends" is said to be the most popular book in England to-day.

John Hay has a poem in the May *Century*, entitled "Israel," with three illustrations, by Kenyon Cox.

Ouida's new novel will be Parliamentary. It is said she will work up Mr. Parnell into an "Italianized Cromwell."

Mrs. Horace Mann's "Juanita," a tale of Cuban slavery, was written 50 years ago, before "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was thought of.

A full length portrait of Mrs. Carlyle with her pet dog Nero, is in the May *Wide Awake*. It is contributed by Carlyle's niece.

The novels of Mr. Howells are in such demand among the prisoners at Sing Sing that a set of his books is worn out in six months.

The May *Magazine of Art* is out with an etching by Jazinski, showing a rustic "Under the Charm" of a young woman's mandolin playing.

Real personages are to be introduced under fictitious names in the new novel which it is solemnly asserted that Sen. Ingalls is writing.

The story of Dick Whittington and his cat is of Hindu origin, and Jack the Giant Killer is known in the folk lore of Norwegians, Arabs, Greeks and Persians.

Marion Harland's "Common Sense in the Household" has achieved such remarkable success that the publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, have decided to have the work translated into German.

A letter of Nathaniel Hawthorne's, written in the summer of 1863, shows the great novelist in an unfavorable light as regards his loyalty to the Union during the dark hours of the war.

Mr. John Burroughs opens the May number of the *Popular Science Monthly* with an article on "The Natural versus the Supernatural," which is intended to indicate the position taken in his article on "Science and Theology" in the December number of the *Monthly*.

Emile Zola's coming book will be called "La Terre," and in it peasant life will be depicted. After the publication of "La Terre," M. Zola sees several more novels to complete the series he has undertaken. In one, he will study the railroad world; in another, the Bourse and journalism in the last days of the Second Empire; in a third, military life, the defeat at Sedan, and the Paris commune.

Two great German libraries are coming to this country in a short time, those of Prof. Ranke and Philologist Scherer. The Ranke library was bought for Syracuse University. The library contains about 15,000 volumes, and comprises the collections of 60 years. The Scherer library of 30,000 volumes has been bought by Adelbert College of Cleveland, Ohio. The price paid for the Ranke collection was between $20,000 and $25,000.

A volume of short chats on social topics, by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, under the title of "Ourselves and Our Neighbors," is to be published in June by Messrs. Roberts Bros., of Boston. The book will contain chats on such subjects as love, marriage, engagements, friendships, social etiquette and kindred topics. Mrs. Moulton will sail for Europe on May 5, and intends spending the summer abroad, occupying the time in pleasure and a certain amount of literary work.

The *Literary World* in its last number gives some interesting facts concerning the Sorosis club in New York city. It describes the president of the club, Mrs. Laura Thomas, as a "gifted lady," and adds: "Until recently she has been a successful farmer in New Jersey, and can talk of bees and fruits as glibly and understandingly as of current literature. Her manners peculiarly adapt her for the position she occupies in this famous club, which gives breakfasts to noted women authors, singers and authors, and variously encourages feminine talent and industry."

The Century company contemplate publishing the complete works of Abraham Lincoln, edited by Nicolay and Hay, whose biography of Lincoln is now running through the *Century*. These will fill some three to five octavo volumes, including his speeches, addresses, state papers, his public letters, his private correspondence (a great part of which is up to this time unpublished), his official opinions and memoranda upon some of the most important events of the war, and some very curious and interesting miscellaneous pieces. The works will be accompanied with elaborate notes, historical and explanatory.

Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren's new novel, "Divorce," is on the press for publication in its June. The novel is intended as a plea for the sacredness of the marriage tie, and also to exhibit some of the manifold dangers connected with our present system of divorce laws. The types in the story, says the author, may be found in the court records in every large city of the country. The author will also pay her compliments to our present laws and their discrepancies, also woven into a romance form. Mrs. Dahlgren has also written a story of plantation life at the South, called "The Two Cousins," which she intends to issue as a serial.

The Stillest War-Story Yet Told.

Gen. Lilley, who fought under Gen. Jubal Early on the Confederate side, has been visiting friends in New York City. The general lost an arm at the battle of Carter's farm, in 1862. He told a World reporter that when he was struck by the bullet he fell among some rocks. While lying on his back in a perfectly helpless condition, a huge rattlesnake crawled on his breast and when half way across stopped. Then his snakeship stretched his head on a flat stone and curled his rattles on the other side of the general. Several wounded men on their way to the rear came along, and he did not know what to do to attract their attention. If he shouted it would arouse the reptile to pernicious activity. There he was, wounded by a northern bullet and held a prisoner by a snake. He finally mustered sufficient strength to raise his wounded arm and the cry of the soldiers saw the signal. He approached, and on getting near the prostrate officer saw the horrible situation of affairs at a glance. He walked a short distance back, picked up a sword from the side of a dead lieutenant and creeping up slowly behind, cut the rattler in two. "I suppose," said Gen. Lilley, "the rattlesnake was across my breast for fully half an hour. I was too weak from the loss of blood to move a limb, and what breath was left in me was kept at a very low ebb, so as not to disturb the reptile."

Over-Worked Women.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our *positive guarantee*. See wrapper around bottle. Price $1.00 a bottle, or six bottles for $5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for ten cents in stamps.

Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A BOLD DEAL.

Some of the Ways by Which Great Operators Become Rich.

Several years ago Gould created a sensation by going heavily short on Jersey Central stock, and it was advertised that he was going to be badly wrecked, and prices were sent bowling up at a rapid gait, when suddenly Gould—who had kept on selling at the rising quotations—smilingly produced a big bundle of Jersey Central bonds that nobody seemed to know anything about, "convertible"—so read their indorsement—"into stock at the option of the holder." Prices fell with a thump. Stock that he had sold at top figures Gould bought back away down, and all his claquers howled their enthusiasm in and out of print. So smart a thing had never been heard of before in Wall street—so shouted the Gould army—and almost everybody else indorsed this declaration. But a correspondent and good *raconteur* of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says that this was because the story of Jacob Little wasn't well known to Wall street men generally. Gould himself could have given them a vast deal of information on the subject, for the fact was that he had been following closely an example set 40 years before, compared with which his feat was but the merest shadow. Gould was credited with having made $300,000 or $400,000 by his scheme, Jacob Little cleared $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 by the original cleverness, and Gould's work looked very unimportant beside that which first startled Wall street many years ago.

Little did this: One of the chief stocks in the market began to rise in price while he was carrying on a vigorous bear campaign. It began to be whispered around that a big scheme was on foot to break the old man, and many a loser and envious magnate joined the bull forces and gloated over the prospective division of the Little millions. A dozen of the best known men in Wall street at that time were in the bull pool, and every one of them all was confident that finally they had the chronic bear leader at a great disadvantage. He was certain to be ruined. Up mounted the quotations. And still unconcernedly on went Jacob Little selling the stock short, thousands of shares upon thousands of shares. Friends implored him to quit the suicidal course. The finger of scorn against him was pointed out, but he only smiled and blandly said that he didn't believe he was in any danger. Then came the day, fixed by the Wall street rules of that time, when he had to deliver the immense blocks of stock that he had sold. Before 9 o'clock that morning the street for a block beyond his office door was thronged by excited men awaiting his arrival and their share in his assets. He walked down the street leisurely. No sort of shadow seemed to be on him. He stops a friend, passes the compliments of the day, and wonders what the crowd in the street means. "Don't you understand?" ejaculates the friend. "Why, man, they are waiting for you to open your office, and they are going to demand all this stock you've sold short, and, as you can't deliver, overboard you go. You've sold twice the capital stock of the company, and these men have combined against you; there isn't the slightest chance for you—not the slightest!"

"Oh, there isn't, eh?" said Jacob, and he passed into the little building, little better than a shanty, were he had his office. The throng gave way to let him pass, here and there some sanguine capitalist excitedly indulging in a jibe at the man who was to be a bankrupt in a minute or two. Some time passed after Mr. Little shut his office door behind him. The long line of men grew clamorous. Every moment's delay was more and more in the line of proof that the great magnate of the exchange would now finally confess that he must go to the wall.

Then open flew the office door just as the clock struck 10, and behind his counter inside stood Jacob Little himself, all smiles seeming content. A stack of parchment was at his right hand. It was new stock. Not a half a dozen men took it before the crowd began to discover that something was wrong. Jacob Little kept nobody in doubt.

"The fact is," he said, with a whole bed of thistles in the the midst of his smile, "the fact is I haven't really been short of the stock, for you see I had a few millions of bonds, and they were convertible into stock. That's the reason I didn't get scared, you see."

Then there was a panic. The corner that had been so beautifully planned fell to pieces with a thud as sickening as any French novelist ever expatiated on. Everybody was on a stampede. With such a measureless quantity of stock on hand Jacob Little had not the slightest difficulty in offering to fulfill every contract. Down in those days stock sold at 110 or 120, that he had sold at 60 and 80 and 100 he bought back at almost nothing. Never had Wall street seen such a slip 'twixt the cup and lip. Half the houses in Wall street were heavy losers. Never had the gospel of loaded dice taught its lesson anywhere in all the world more forcibly. Jacob Little remained king.

BURDETTE'S WISDOM.

He Gives Solid Advice to a Young Man About Lending.

My boy, when you meet a good-hearted, genial fellow, open-handed and generous, who spends money freely when he has it, who "doesn't know the value of money," who only esteems it for the good it can do, who believes in the lively shilling, and always does his best to make it lively, who can't hoard his money for the life of him, who gets it and spends it, and then gets more to spend, so that all of us may get a little of it, who doesn't put down every cent he lets a friend have, as though he was a money lender, who, if he has only one dollar in the world will let you have ninety cents of it if you ask for it; a good, whole-souled, generous fellow, who knows no meum and tuum, and cares more about money than a pig does about Greek, and he is a little hard up, and wants to borrow ten dollars of you for a few days—my boy, don't you lend him a cent; don't lend him a cent. Eh? Do I want you to be mean, close-fisted, stingy, weighing all friendship and good fellowship on the scales of the money-lender? Oh, no, my boy, I didn't say anything of the kind. I said, and I repeat it, "don't lend him a cent." I don't want you to be mean, I only want you to be business-like. Give him ten dollars, if you have it to subscribe and feel like it; give him what money you can spare, and your heart and head justify you in giving, but never lend that kind of a man a dollar. Only lend money where there is at least a remote possibility of its being paid back. That's all. You may go, now. By the way, I took care of that note of Jack Merrihart's that you didn't tell me anything about; it's all right now, only don't lend Jack any more than you can afford to give him. A man who has no idea of the value of his own money has just as little comprehension of the value of yours. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Few Surviving Types.

Oh, once in a while you will come across one of these courteous old fellows, trained in the stately old time school of Chesterfieldian politeness. Saw one on a street car the other day. Rainy, blustery day; car somewhat crowded, rather unusual thing; woman comes in, not very young; used to be young 20 or 30 years ago, maybe; not very well dressed; every man in the car, old and young, keeps his seat. Old Chesterfield doesn't wait a minute; rises with courtly grace, bows to the woman as though she were a queen, "Madam, will you not have this seat?" Woman thanks him, which no real lady would ever think of doing, and sits down between two big men in dripping, loud smelling india rubber overcoats, the howling draft and pelting rain swept in upon her back through a broken window and the oil from a leaking lamp dripped down upon her bonnet. She stood it half a block, and then remarked that she'd "a heap rather walk," and left the car, while old Chesterfield hung on to the strap with the heavenly expression of a man who esteemed it a privilege to sacrifice himself for the lowly and poor.—*Burdette.*

Remarks by Jay Gould.

Reported by the Awe-Struck Interviewer of the St. Louis Republican.

"This 'boom,' so-called, or revival of business, is, I think, as yet in its infancy. I believe it will extend, and that all legitimate business enterprises throughout the whole country will participate in it. You doubtless have observed that it is not spasmodic or feverish at any trade center; that it came upon the country with a slow but remarkably steady and firm pace, and at no place has there been anything like a development of inflation of value observed, except, perhaps, in real estate at a few points. It seems to me that the present condition of the nation's financial, commercial, and industrial affairs is more satisfactory and that enterprises generally are upon a more conservative, and hence upon a sounder, basis than in many a year, and if what is called the speculative fever can be kept down, I feel sure that all legitimate business ventures will prosper, and further, that nothing like a disastrous financial panic can overtake our business affairs, so well rooted are they, until the people leave legitimate ventures for rash speculation."

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY.

Olive Logan Says American Women Have Good Hair, but They Do Not Take Care of It.

Wandering upon a time through the outskirting fields of a small provincial town in England, I came upon one of those interesting exhibitions of that kind which no doubt have been seen in Britain since the middle ages. A caravan of wild beasts in charge of a family of mountebanks had been brought to a halt, and, picturesquely grouped upon the greensward in front of the temporary stage which had been erected the preceding night, were to be seen all the gaping-mouthed yokels of the village, eager to view the many marvels promised on payment of a silver sixpence. Among the wonders I found an announcement of "the display of her great natural curiosity, by Miss Sigismunda Montmorency, aged 16." I fancied that the girl might be one of those strange vocalists whose voices seem compounded from the masculine and feminine range, but when the rosy-cheeked lass appeared, it came out that her great natural curiosity was her hair, which fell upon the floor and dragged like a court mantle when she walked.

There is a reaction in favor of hair. For several years its glories have been clouded, but of late there has been a manifest desire to possess a luxurious crown of capillary treasure. Biblical eulogy is not lacking anent the surpassing splendor of women's hair, while as for that of men, abundant hair has from the time of the ancients been considered the attribute of divinity. What painter, what sculptor of old has ever represented Jupiter, Apollo or Neptune, without a glorious quantity of beautiful hair? Phidias said that his statue of Jupiter Olympus was inspired by Homer, whose pages are full of apostrophes to the splendor of the hair of his heroes. Virgil, to express the power of a mythologic god, said that the shaking of his hair caused all Olympus to tremble. Coming down to modern days, who can forget the poetic assertion that beauty draws us by a single hair?

American families in general have fine hair. It grows abundantly, like other vegetables, under these favoring skies. But they do not take altogether good care of it. The hair needs a great deal of ventilation. It should be brushed and separated by a wide-toothed comb morning and evening. It should be allowed to hang down untrammelled by combs, pins or strings when one is in dishabille; but no married woman should ever appear in company with dishevelled hair. A few years ago this frantic mode prevailed among women of poor taste and limited reading. The warning has been sounded again, in all pictorial art, and is so mentioned by Horace Walpole in the history of painting, published more than a hundred years ago. Queen Victoria will not permit a married woman whose hair is flying about her shoulders to approach her presence; but the little Wales and Edinburgh girls—her grandchildren—sweep their golden locks unfettered by the snood.

In spite of the dictum of interested hairsellers and hairdressers, nothing is so beautiful and becoming to a woman as luxuriant natural hair, simply twined about the head, while a truant love-lock here and there escapes from bondage and falls in curves of beauty on the brows.

THE POPE AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Letter from Rome to Bishop Ireland Favoring the Movement.

The following is a translation of the important Papal brief in favor of the total abstinence movement, addressed to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Ireland, bishop of St. Paul, Minn.:

To our Venerable Brother, John Ireland, Bishop of St. Paul, Minn.:

VENERABLE BROTHER:—Health and apostolic benediction. The admirable words of piety and charity by which our faithful children in the United States labor to promote not only their own temporal and eternal welfare, but also that of their fellow-citizens, and which you have recently related to us, give us exceeding great consolation. And above all we have rejoiced to learn with what energy and zeal, by means of various excellent associations, and especially through the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, you combat the destructive vice of intemperance. For it is well known to us how ruinous, how deplorable is the injury both to faith and to morals that is to be feared from intemperance in drink. Nor can we sufficiently praise the prelates of the United States, who recently in the Plenary Council of Baltimore with weightiest words condemned this evil, declaring it to be a perpetual incentive to sin and a fruitful root of all evils, dragging the families of the intemperate into the direst ruin, and drawing numberless souls down to everlasting perdition, declaring, moreover, that the faithful who yield to this vice of intemperance become thereby a scandal to non-Catholics and a great hindrance to the propagation of the true religion.

Hence we esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it at all be doubted that this determination is the proper and the truly efficacious remedy for this great evil; and that so much the more strongly will all be induced to put this bridle upon appetite the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. But greatest of all in this matter should be the zeal of priests who, as they are called to instruct the people in the word of life, and to mold them to Christian morality, should also, and above all, walk before them in the practice of virtue. Let pastors, therefore, do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shine before all as models of abstinence, that so many calamities with which this vice threatens both church and state may, by their strenuous endeavors, be averted.

And we most earnestly beseech Almighty God that in this important work He may graciously favor your desires, direct your counsels, and assist your endeavors; and as a pledge of the divine protection, and as a testimony of our paternal affection we most lovingly bestow upon you, venerable brother, and upon all our associates in the holy league, the apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, from St. Peter's, this 27th day of March, in the year 1887, the tenth of our Pontificate.

LEO XIII, Pope.

Advice to Husbands.

Never talk in your sleep unless you are sure what you are going to say.

Don't be discontented. It is much easier to make your wife feel that way.

Never tell your wife that she is a charming singer unless you happen to be deaf.

Don't flatter yourself that you know more than your wife until you have got home from her funeral.

Don't be too friendly with your prospective son-in-law. He may think you intend to live with him after he is married.

Don't try and fool your wife about drinking unless you happen to marry an idiot. Then it isn't worth while to do so.

Never tell your wife how much better some other woman dresses unless you have more money than you know what to do with.

Never boast to your wife about the value of your past experiences. Your mother-in-law may settle herself down on you next week.

Never find fault with the quality of your wife's cooking. You may possibly drive her to join some cooking club, which would be much worse.

Bring Hither the Medal.

There are men in the world who affect to believe that such noble qualities as unselfishness, personal public spirit, self sacrifice, do not exist in the breasts of men. Away with all such ignoble pessimism. Here the government has a surplus of nearly $400,000,000 lying idle and earning nothing, in the treasury, and Congress has nobly refrained from raising its own salary. Possibly, the fear that the people would raise its hair if it did may have some restraining influence—but no; we do not, we will not believe it is actuated by motives so base and cowardly. We believe it has in view some broader and wiser scheme with which it can scoop in more of it with greater safety.—*Burdette.*

Won't Have Typewriter Records.

The Appleton (Wis.) *Post* says: "Judge Myers announced in court that he was contemplating making it a rule of the court that important papers in the nature of judgments of the like, which were to be filed for reference at subsequent times, should not be written with a typewriter, as he considered that they could not be preserved intact and legible for a generation. For such matters there is nothing like black ink and a good old-fashioned goose-quill."

For 6 Cents.

A sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 6 cents. Its various departments in point of brightness, diversity and timeliness, are far superior to any other American magazine, and we send IT and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to ALEX. DEMENIL, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

MORE PROFITABLE THAN COTTON.

A Comparatively New Textile Fabric that Has Been Introduced Into This Market.

Rewards, aggregating $50,000, have been offered for the past few years by various foreign governments, particularly the English, French and Chinese to the man who could invent a machine that would spin ramie into yarns. Ramie is often called Chinese grass. It grows about four feet high. It is a perennial plant, and throws out numerous stems as thick as the little finger. The fibre of the inner bark is the useful portion and can be removed when the stems are dried. By rubbing the stems in the hand, the bark peels off and leaves this fibrous matter, which is very strong, in appearance greatly resembling silk. For many years the Chinese have been spinning this fibre and weaving it by hand. It makes a durable fabric, not unlike silk and linen in texture. In France and England it is used to mix with and add stability to silk. A Frenchman has recently invented a machine to take the place of hand work. A large factory is now being built on the Hudson river, which will be used for this purpose. After the yarns are made they can be put on any loom and manufactured into all kinds of fabric. Ramie in its raw state is much stronger than Russian hemp and it is impossible to break it by using ordinary force. When manufactured it can be used in almost any material. Ramie was first introduced into this country in 1867 in the Botanical Gardens at Washington. It was grown in Jamaica in 1854. It is easier to raise than cotton, and three crops can be obtained each year. It can be raised from seed. India, Egypt and China are best suited for raising ramie. It sells in the raw state at about seven cents a pound or a little cheaper than cotton, but more money can be made out of ramie, because it requires less attention and realizes in larger quantities.

WHY THEY HOWL.

The Objections Against the New Law Condensed.

Our esteemed exchanges from everywhere are crying out against the alleged evils of the inter-state commerce law, and we have about come to the conclusion that it is the duty of the President to call an extra session of Congress to repeal the odious law. We find that under the operation of this evil bill:

1. The annual pass of the editor of the Paw Paw, Ind., *Clarion* has been called in.

2. The All Star Fond du Lac Tragedy Constellation has been compelled to disband and is now walking home through the woods of Wisconsin.

3. The freight on cambric needles and goose feathers has been advanced two cents per hundred on all transcontinental railways.

4. The officials of the railroad corporations are compelled to pay 25 cents per line for every puff of themselves printed in an incorruptible and untrammeled press.

5. The horrifying details of criminal railroad disasters are now published by papers which have hitherto suppressed similar publications for fear of losing their free passes.

6. There is a discrimination, in that four-legged hogs are transported at the old-time rates, while two-legged hogs are denied the old-time advantages of free transportation or half-fare tickets.

7. A large majority of editors, bad actors and ward politicians are now fraudulently securing half-rate fares, by representing to railway agents that they are clergymen.

8. The officials are compelled to pay their way into theaters and other Godless places of worldly amusement, whereas before they were admitted free; and thus the theaters and other godless places of worldly amusement derive a revenue that is, in fact, a hideous discrimination against the interests of piety and order.

9. The dignity of society has been sadly abated by the startling decimation of military titles, the operation of the odious inter-state commerce law having killed off nearly all the colonels and the majors in the railroad business.

10. The passenger traffic on many Southern railroads has almost wholly ceased on account of the unrighteous revocation of passes.

These are some of the reasons (there are very many of them) why Congress should convene and decapitate Judge Cooley and his committee by annulling the wicked law in question.—*Chicago News.*

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN KANSAS.

A Moral Necessity for the Perpetuity of Good Government.

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar has written for publication a long letter upon the late struggle in Kansas, concluding as follows:

So far as I am able to scan the influence and results of woman suffrage, in this trying position, where good and bad used all possible influence, I conclude that as many women will vote as men where the issues are moral rather than financial.

Women belonging to churches, philanthropic women, practical, domestic wives and careful mothers form the majority vote for law and order.

Women whose husbands are dealers in intoxicants, and those having husbands interested in the jobs and rings of the administration, are stirring campaigners in their own interests. Regardless of public welfare or good morals.

The few keepers and inmates of brothels voted, but went immediately from the polls.

Wives of drinking men, unless German, almost invariably voted for temperance, and many Germans were persistent workers for the law and order ticket. About one-third of all German women voted the temperance ticket, the remaining two-thirds "would not vote away der liberty and der beer." This merely shows the necessity of work among the Germans.

Irishwomen were not as ready to register as other classes of foreigners, but I did not find one that voted other than the straight temperance ticket. Some were enthusiastic workers.

The colored women were the most zealous canvassers, were the most determined workers on election day for law and order, and were most outspoken against those men of their race who sold their votes or worked for other than temperance and the Republican ticket.

Will they buy and sell? Yes, in a few instances only. There were those who corrupted and were corrupted, and those that intimidated and were intimidated, but this was done by house-to-house calling by women, as a general thing calling themselves the "upper stratum" of good society, their chief occupation being poodle-petting, progressive euchre-playing, and growling at "inefficient servants." These women used their pernicious influence usually upon very poor and dependent women who feared to offend them.

The Republican party in Kansas has acted wisely, as the test shows, in enfranchising her women. So let us reasonably conclude that as human nature is about the same the states over, that the Republican party has nothing to lose and all to gain by advocating and bringing about the enfranchisement of women as it did the negro. Negro suffrage was a political necessity to save the Republican party. Woman suffrage is no less a moral necessity for the perpetuity of good government. Kansas is a worthy leader to follow.

THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

A Father's Monologue on the Loved and Lost Little One.

I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and I went softly out and wandered up and down, until I knew she had gone to her sewing.

We have some things laid away in that drawer that the gold of the world could not buy, and yet they are things that grieve us both, until our hearts are sore. I have not looked at them for a year, but I remember each article.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat, with a part of the rim gone, some stockings, little trousers and a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip and some toys. My wife goes to the drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, while her tears fell on these little things.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time since he went away, but we can't get over grieving. His going was like covering our every-day existence with a pall.

Sometimes when we sit alone in the evenings a child will call out as our boy used to and we will both start up, with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever. It is so quiet now!

I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle, but he is not there. I listen for his merry laugh, his pattering feet, his joyous voice, but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents; and I never find the chair turned over, the broom down, or the rope tied to the knobs.

I would like to have some one tease me for my knife, to ride on my shoulders, to lose my ax, to follow me to the gate when I go, to be there when I come home, to call "good night, papa!" from a little bed so long empty; and my wife would give this world's possessions to awake at midnight and look across to the crib and see our boy there, as he used to be.

—Slocum's Stenographic School, Buffalo, N. Y., is the largest and best in the United States. Situations obtained without charge. Circulars free.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

My dear, gentle or otherwise reader, did you ever notice the number of people who have contracted habits in childhood which stick closer through life than a brother? Nearly every one has some curious habit, more or less unpleasant, caused in the first place by nervousness. The "Mr. Casby" habit of twirling the thumbs is one of the most amusing, as well as least annoying to other people's sensibilities. But for sheer depravity, give us the fiend who bites his nails, and also the nervous female addicted to the habit of gnawing her lips. This is one of the most difficult of habits to break, and at the same time one of the commonest. If the lower lip is the one attacked, the pretty curve is in time destroyed and the fullness flattened out, while if the upper lip is ill treated the results are almost worse, for it becomes lengthened in a very unbecoming manner. Then some women bite the inside of their lips at the side, just at the "gusset" of the mouth, and this ends in a chronic pout. We all know the man who tugs at his mustache, and the one who is perpetually pulling up his collar. One of the most annoying forms of this disease is the incessant tattoo which some people keep up on whatever happens to be most convenient as a keyboard.

A SMALL boy had a fine specimen of the new style of tricycles for youngsters, evidently just fresh from the variety store. He was accompanied by two mature persons, presumably his father and mother, and a young female, who might have been the lad's big sister. The boy found that it became unmanageable in the acquisition of mounted, and when he undertook to steer it from alongside had worse luck. Then the others tried to help. They wanted to get across the street, and for a time it seemed as if street car and hack traffic would be stopped for the rest of the day. That tricycle acted as if inspired by the evil one. It backed, filled, turned round, yawed, reared, kicked, doubled, and laid on its side. The old man looked as though completely satisfied that life isn't worth living. The white face and suffused, yet snapping, eyes of the old lady betokened both rage and grief. The girl presently retreated to the curb-stone, gazed toward the policeman at the diagonally opposite corner, and studied to appear as though she didn't know the folks that had deserted. The possible future president of the United States gave up the unequal struggle and howled.

MONDAY morning is the great shopping day in the large stores. If you don't believe it, just ask the floor-walkers and they will tell you that more business is done on Monday morning than at any other time during the week—that is, in the larger stores. Of course, in the cheap ones, Saturday is the great day. Why should Monday be so popular? It is probably the reaction after Sunday's enforced idleness, as there can be no shopping done on the Sabbath. When one awakes on Monday morning it is so delightful to feel that all restrictions are removed, and that there is nothing to prevent one from shopping all day if inclined to, and there is always this incentive—that one is sure to meet all of one's friends.

IN what respect is the condition of some married women better than that of slaves? They work hard from year to year, have a roof over their heads, and are provided with food; so is the slave. They must beg their "masters" for a pittance with which to buy the clothing for themselves and children; the slave-master looks after such wants of his chattels without their asking. There is no freedom or independence; they dare not buy a single article at the store until they get the consent of the tyrants whom the civil law has made their husbands. They can have no will about household affairs that their despotic masters don't; they are slaves, both in body and mind, as long as they live. If these women survive their husbands, they cannot, under the unjust, tyrannical laws of nearly all countries in the world, sell the property which they have helped to accumulate, nor control their own children without employing a lawyer and getting a court's permit. It is pleasant to know that this latter state of things no longer exists in Ohio.

A BROOKLYN physician makes the rather unique assertion that all wild animals caged in menageries are insane—not howling, roaring, boisterous mad, but simply off their base. He says that no animal accustomed to the free range of woods and hills can be cooped up in a cage for more than two or three months without going to pieces intellectually; that strong and active animals like the lion, tiger, bear and wolf do not endure confinement without feeling the effects in some serious way, and that imprisonment in little cages is to them the direst cruelty.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is a quotation that comes to us like an echo from afar. Why was that admonition ever used? It surely was never needed. For in the ages of long ago there was great stress put upon the amusements and recreation of all people. It has always been with a very few exceptions the incentive to work. Although people are perfecting machinery to make work lighter, there will never be a time that it can be said that it is all play and no work. Industrious habits in one will convey the impression that it is "all work and no play," but you will find that the best and most systematic workers have more recreations and amusements in his life than the slouch at his work, or the idler. For don't you know that a person that is industrious and systematic finds this world treats him better than one that is not up to a proper standard of industry.

HUSBANDS should make confidantes of their wives, consulting them upon their plans and prospects, and especially in their troubles and embarrassments. A woman's intuition is often better than all the shrewdness and wisdom of a man; and all her ready sympathy and interest is a powerful aid to his efforts for their mutual welfare.

BUT on the other hand it is entirely different. There are many petty details in a woman's life that a man would never understand or appreciate, as he is only able to grasp the general effects of life; and all of the little trials and tribulations that come to woman in her daily life are as nothing to the man, who battles with the world. Her intuition, and if she be endowed with that all-essential, not-to-be-gotten-along-without, tact, her field for work is one that all of the woman's rights advocates might envy.

A Change of Style.

A Paris journalist got married some three months ago.

A few days after the ceremony he met a friend.

"Well," asked the latter, "what think you of your new position?"

"My friend, I am perfectly intoxicated. When I work my wife is always at my side, and we embrace at every paragraph. Great Heavens, yes, at every paragraph!"

"Ah," replied his friend, smiling, "that accounts for your style being somewhat disjointed lately!"

This conversation was repeated, and the journalist's articles were henceforth consulted by his intimate friends as a kind of matrimonial barometer.

For about six weeks the articles were characterized by sentences even shorter than those of the late Emile de Girardin, and the ladies of the journalist's acquaintance were rapidly growing jealous of the bride.

Then they became longer; the periods were constructed more in the English style, and the paragraphs were spun out to greater length. The honeymoon was evidently nearing its termination.

The other day Madame X., on opening the paper, and glancing at the article bearing her journalistic friend's name, made a discovery.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "there is only one paragraph! Poor little woman! She will soon want a separation."

The Only Remedy.

Those who suffer from foul breath are open to the charge of carelessness. It is an offense that can be speedily abated, as a single bottle of the fragrant SOZODONT will unmistakably accomplish the work. It will preserve and keep the teeth white, and the breath pure and sweet.

COST OF THE SEASON.

A Popular Society Girl Jots Down a Few Trifling Experiences.

Proposals of marriage received	19 times.
Proposals of marriage refused	19 times.
Proposals of marriage accepted	0 times.
Wish I had accepted	1 time.
Number of love-letters received	256 times.
Blushed	0 times.
Appeared in amateur theatricals	3 times.
Made a triumphant success	3 times.
Told that I was the equal of Bernhardt	2 times.
Retired after 3 a. m. during present season	48 times.
Arose after 11 20 a. m. during present season	57 times.
Been shopping	44 times.
Paid my own car fare	3 times.
Let my companion pay it	41 times.
Expended for dress	$674 80
Expended for candy	92 50
Expended for charity	00

N. Y. Mail and Express.

Asthma Can Be Cured.

As a proof, a free trial bottle sent to any one. Taft Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

Belle Isle Reminiscences.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Since my last splinter on Belle Isle, business has kept me from the circle, but I have at last found time to come again. You remember we were divided into squads of 100, then subdivided into messes of 30, each mess being in charge of a sergeant. When drawing rations, one man was detailed from each mess, making five, to draw for the 100 men. The ration of wood we received was one stick of cord wood for each 20 men. If I remember rightly, we drew twice a week. For the benefit of those who do not know, I will tell you how this small portion of wood was divided. In some way, a number of old axes were provided for our use (though not through the generosity of the Confederacy). The sergeant, being the distributor and supreme dictator, pounces upon the stick of wood, slivering it into small particles. He then divides it into 20 piles as nearly equal as possible. He then had a man turn his back to the wood, when he would place his hand on a pile and ask, "Whose is this?" He would continue in this way until all was distributed. The question has often been asked, "What did you do with this small ration of wood?" Our scant ration of corn bread was crumbed into our tin cups, which were filled with water, then a hole scooped out of the ground, resembling a furnace, our cups placed over it, we would light our wood under the cup, and blow, until we had a substitute for soup, anything to fill up. Only a few days ago, I met Comrade Benj. Smith of my company, whom many of the boys remember. The only time we drew beef, during our six months imprisonment, he took for his ration a bone with barely a mouthful of meat upon it. With the aid of a case knife and axe he severed the bone into small pieces, which he put in his tin cup with his ration of corn bread, to make a soup. This he repeated over twenty times, thinking they still retained nourishment. He then chewed the bones and swallowed them. Poor fellow, the hardships of camp and prison life has been telling on him for many years, and he is fast approaching the day when he will bear the last roll call. He tells me he receives the small pittance of $4 per month—hardly enough to keep him in medicine. What a shame! May God hasten the day when justice may be meted out to the boys who saved the life of this seemingly ungrateful nation. Many of us thought it almost impossible to live six months under such treatment, but how many of those poor Tennessee boys were kept there eighteen months and some two years. Boys, do their skeleton forms ever rise up before you? The long imprisonment and starvation was the cause of the lieutenant's dog being killed, which is still fresh in many minds. I remember very distinctly the three men that were brought out before the lieutenant, and I expected to see them shot, so great was his wrath; but when he saw them take a bite of the raw dog (which they still had in their haversacks) he turned on his heel, with the remark that if men were that hungry, he could not blame them. Ordering them to throw their dog meat into the river, he

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

The South American States.

W. E. P., Richview, Ill.:

1. What comprises the "Argentine Republic" of South America. Their manner of government? 2. What comprises the United States of Columbia, and how governed? 3. Are the other "Republics" of South America independent of each other, or have they a general head, like the United States of America, Brazil being an empire by itself?

1. The Argentines dispute with Chili the rights to the territory north of the Rio Negro as far as Terra del Fuego, according to the original division by the government of Spain. The area of the republic, including the undisputed portion of the Gran Chaco, as claimed by the government, the area would be about 1,000,000 square miles. The constitution of the Argentine Republic bears date May 15th, 1853. The executive power resides in a "president," elected for six years by the representatives of the fourteen provinces. 133 in number. The legislative authority is vested in a national congress, consisting of a senate numbering 28, two from each province, and a house of deputies, of 54 members. The vice president, elected in the same manner and at the same time as the president, is chairman of the senate, but has otherwise no political power. The president is commander-in-chief of the army, and appoints to all civil, military, and judicial offices; but he and his ministers are responsible for their acts, and liable to impeachment. There are five ministerial departments: interior, foreign affairs, finance, war and marine, and education and public worship. The governors of the provinces are elected by the people for a term of four years. The army of the republic consists, exclusive of the militia and national guard of Buenos Ayres, and may be called out in time of war.

2. The United States of Columbia was formerly New Granada. The area is estimated at 521,000 square miles. The government of Columbia is republican, founded on a written constitution adopted in 1863, modelled after that of the United States, but with some peculiarities. The executive power is vested in a president, elected for two years; the legislative authority in a congress, consisting of an upper house, or senate, and a house of representatives. The senate has 27 members, each of the nine states sending three. The house of representatives, elected by universal suffrage, is made up of delegates from the several states, each sending one member for every 50,000 inhabitants, and an additional one for a fraction of 20,000 and over. A vice president, elected for the same term as the President, acts as chairman of the senate. The President's powers are exercised through four ministers, or secretaries, viz: of the interior and of foreign affairs, of finances, of the treasury and national credit, and of war, all responsible to Congress. The highest court of justice is the supreme court, which has three judges and a prosecutor general. Each of the states has its own legislature and executive officer.

3. No part of South America is under the dominion of any foreign power. The present political divisions are confined to Venezuela, Columbia, the United States of Columbia, the Empire of Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, Bolivia, and the Argentine Confederation.

The Wearing of Beards.

F. W. D., Salem Center, O.:

1. Please state briefly what nations and races of people wear full beards; also those which shave closely. Are there any races in existence in which beards do not grow on men's faces? 2. Of what is the paper made on which newspapers are printed.

1. Full beards were cultivated among eastern nations in early times, and have always been regarded by them as the badge of dignity. The fact that the ancient Egyptian pictures frequently represent the human male figure, especially when of a king or dignitary, without the beard, would seem to indicate that it was a mark of rank in Egypt to be shaved of that appendage. In ancient India, Persia and Assyria, however, the beard was allowed to grow long, and was always esteemed a symbol of dignity and wisdom. In Turkey it is considered an infamy to have the beard cut off, and the slaves of the seraglio are shaved as a mark of their servile condition. Previous to the reign of Alexander the Great, the Greeks wore beards, but during the wars of that monarch they commenced shaving, the practice having been suggested, it is said, by Alexander for the purpose of depriving the enemy of an opportunity of catching the beards by the hair. The Roman fashion was continued until the reign of Justinian, when long beards again became customary. The year 300 B. C. is given as the time about which the Romans commenced shaving. The philosophers wore the beard to the last, and seem to have cherished the full beard, it being esteemed by them, as among the Greeks, a symbol of wisdom. All the ancient inhabitants of Europe were bearded at the earliest period of which we have records. The Lombards, or Longobards, derived their name from the practice of going unshaved. Until the introduction of Christianity the Anglo-Saxons all wore beards without distinction, but then the clergy were compelled by law to shave. In the 13th century Pope Honorius III, in order to conceal a disfigured lip, allowed his beard to grow, and inaugurated a new fashion, which became prevalent in Europe in the age of Francis I. The right of the clergy to wear their beards was then again disputed. In 1561 the College of Sorbonne decided that a beard was contrary to the apostolical modesty. England, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the beard was worn by those of higher rank. The Russians retained their beards until Peter the Great returned from his Western tour, when one of his first efforts toward the compulsory civilization of his people had reference to the beard, to have them shaved off. Thus the practice of shaving became almost universal. France was the first to return to the old fashion of wearing the beard, and England was the last. The Indians have very scanty beards, and none appears on the Athabascans on account of a custom of plucking it out. 2. Cotton and linen rags, waste paper, straw, esparto grass, wood, jute and manila are used in the pulp of paper.

The Pipe Organ.

J. M. M., Lion, Iowa.:

In the study of Morton's Philosophy, we find he gives part of the explanation of the organ pipe, but not enough for me to understand some of the most important things. Please give, through the Bureau, a table showing the length and diameter of each pipe of the chromatic scale running 2½ octaves below middle C; also, 2½ octave above middle C. If you cannot give the table requested, please give all the information you can concerning the construction of the pipe organ, how supplied with air, etc.

The organ is divided inferiorally into four parts—the great, the choir, the swell, and the pedal organ. Some instruments have a fifth, or solo organ. The structural portions of an organ are: The apparatus for collecting and distributing the wind; the mechanism controlling the keys and stops; and the pipes. The force of sound necessary for blowing the organ is ascertained by the manometer, or wind gauge, consisting of a glass tube bent after the manner of that in a barometer, the lower end being fixed into a socket, the other open to the atmosphere. Churches organs without the pneumatic lever are usually voiced to a weight of wind of from two and a half to three inches. The pedal stops, when supplied by a separate bellows, are usually voiced to a wind a quarter or half an inch stronger than the above, which accelerates the speech and improves the tone of the large pipes. The tendency, however, is constantly toward voicing instruments to higher pressures for the sake of the added sonority and brilliancy; and this is greatly facilitated by the pneumatic action, viz.: The wind, having been collected and compressed, is conveyed to the several main divisions of the organ by trunks, which are means of wooden tubes called wind trunks, and is received into the wind chests. The upper board of a wind chest is something like a chess board, with a pipe set above each square. Each row of pipes from right to left is controlled by a stop, within reach of the performer, and each row from front to back is controlled by a key. If there are 100 sounding stops, there will be from right to left 100 rows of pipes, with 100 perforated boards which slide under the pipes and admit or shut off the wind at the feet of the pipes. No pipe can speak until the drawing of a stop frees the holes at the bottom of the pipe, and a key being struck draws a supply of wind to that pipe under the pipes. Each key controls its own separate air-tight compartment or wind reservoir in the wind chest, and each stop has one pipe over this compartment. In the case of mixture stops a cluster of several pipes takes the place of one pipe of an ordinary stop. Besides the stops and the keys for the hands to play, there are in organs of the larger class two octaves and a half of large pipes placed under the performer's feet, called pedals. There are also pedals and contrivances or moving numbers of stops by one effort, and another pedal which opens and closes. A box in which are the pipes of the swell organ. As this swell box opens, the sound is increased. There are also couplers for the different rows of keys. A coupler is an appliance by which one keyboard can be controlled from another, or the same clavier can be united to itself in the octave above or below. The sound from each key as controlled by stops varies not only in quality but in pitch. If the stops drawn be a simple diapason, each key when struck will give out the same in pitch as that obtained from a key occupying a similar position on the keyboard of a piano. If the stop be a double diapason, a tone is given an octave lower than that from the key in a piano keyboard. If the stop is called a principal, the note is an octave higher; if a fifteenth, two octaves higher; and if a mixture, a chord of several notes is given. Thus, by putting one finger on an organ key and by drawing six stops, several octaves of notes and a chord can be made to sound. In large organs of 100 stops, more than 100 notes are played by simply pressing one key. When a single key is held and 100 stops are drawn the ear can not detect the octaves. Pipes are made of metal and wood. The chief varieties of metal pipes, as regard form, are the cylindrical, conical, conical surmounted by a bell, while wood pipes are divided into four-sided, three-sided, cylindrical, pyramidal, and inverted pyramidal pipes. All pipes may be divided into two classes, flue pipes and reed pipes. Flue pipes are such as have an oblong opening, called the mouth, at the junction of that body with the foot of the pipe, bounded above and below by two edges called lips. These pipes are made to sound by the wind first passing through a narrow fissure called a flue or wind way, and they depend chiefly on the length

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or shortness of their bodies for the gravity or acuteness of the sound they produce. Reed or tongue pipes are, on the contrary, those which are made to sound through the medium of a mouth-piece furnished with an elastic plate of metal. Reed pipes do not depend on the length of the tube of the pipe but on the size of the mouth-piece and the vibrations of the tongue for the gravity or acuteness of the sound. Organ pipes vary in size from a length of three-fourths of an inch, to one of 32 feet.

Volcanoes—Lava.

C. L., New Era, Mich.:

Where does the material thrown out by volcanoes come from? And what is the source of the supply?

The phenomena of volcanoes may be best understood by considering they are openings connected with reservoirs containing molten rock, which is forced upward in the crater by the action of steam or of permanent gases, or in some cases probably by movements of the earth's crust. The hypotheses which have been proposed to explain the origin of volcanoes are manifold. One assumption is, that the earth's interior holds in an unoxidized condition silicon and the metallic basis of the earths and alkalies, which if brought in contact with the water of the ocean would react violently with it, generating a great amount of heat and giving rise to the elements of the silicated minerals which make up the volcanic rocks, at the same time liberating in gaseous compounds the chlorine and the sulphur of the sea salts, together with free hydrogen. These, with aqueous vapors, by their elasticity, would rend the earth's crust. Some geologists adopt the view that the earth was originally in a fused condition, and that the interior is still intensely heated, and probably consists, at least to a great depth, of oxidized materials not very unlike in composition to those at the surface. Some suppose that these materials immediately beneath a crust of no great thickness still remain in a state of igneous fusion, and are arranged in two layers, the lighter of feldspathic matter corresponding to the trachytes, and the heavier and inferior layer having the composition of the dolerites. From these two liquid strata it is imagined that the various volcanic rocks are ejected by movements in the earth's crust, following the escape from him of those of portions of the one or the other, or of admixtures of the two.

Senators Ingalls and Plum.

W. I. Morse, Fostoria, Kan.:

1. Will you be kind enough to give a sketch of the life of Sen. Ingalls, of Kansas? 2. Also Sen. Plumb?

1. John James Ingalls, of Atchison, was born at Middleton, Essex county, Massachusetts, December 29, 1833; graduated at Williams college, Williamstown, Massachusetts, in 1855, and received the degree of LL. D. in 1884; admitted to the bar in 1857; removed to Kansas in October, 1858; a delegate to the Wyandotte constitutional convention in 1859; secretary of the Territorial council in 1860; secretary of the state senate in 1861; member of the state senate of Kansas from Atchison county in 1862; major, lieutenant colonel, and judge advocate Kansas volunteers in 1863-65; elected to the United States Senate as a Republican, to succeed S. C. Pomeroy, Republican; took his seat March 4, 1873, and has been twice re-elected. His term of service will expire March 4, 1891.

2. Preston B. Plumb, of Emporia, was born in Delaware county, Ohio, October 12, 1837; received a common school education; learned the art of printing; removed to Kansas in 1856; was a member of the Leavenworth constitutional convention in 1859; was admitted to the bar in 1861, served in the lower house of the legislature in 1862, and was chairman of the judiciary committee, and subsequently reporter of the Supreme court; in August of the same year he entered the service as second lieutenant in the Eleventh Kansas infantry, and served successively as captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel of that regiment; was a member and speaker of the Kansas house of representatives in 1867, and also a member in the following year; was elected to the United States Senate as a Republican, to succeed James M. Harvey, Republican; took his seat March 4, 1877, and was re-elected in 1883. His term of service will expire March 3, 1889.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

E. B. See notice in this column headed patents.

B. J. Metcalf: Read the notice in this column headed "Pensions."

J. T. B., Waconsta, Mich.: Consult the advertising columns of the BLADE.

P. H. Daub, Helena, O.: Please read notice in this column headed "Public Lands."

W. A. Waters, East Guilford, N. Y.: You should set upon the suggestion contained in the notice in this column headed "Patents."

Subscriber, Warsaw, Ill.: The dramas you mention are copyrighted, and you would not be able to obtain permission to produce them.

P. E. M., Columbiana, Ohio:

Please publish a recipe for curing mink skins.

See answer to "A Subscriber, Huron, Kansas," in the Bureau of March 24, 1887.

Inquirer, Rock Falls, Iowa:

If a foreigner comes to this country and neglects to become a citizen, do the children that are born here of such parents become citizens at the age of 21?

J. H. B., Lewiston, I. T.: As the Rothschilds and the Vanderbilts do not know their exact wealth, it would be rather difficult for an outsider to say what they are worth. Between two and three hundred millions respectively would be an approximate estimate.

S. H. L., Saxton, Pa.,

Will you please settle a dispute? Is D. R. Locke, or P. Nasby, dead? I claim he is not.

Mr. D. R. Locke has not been at all well for the past two years, and during the last six months he has been seriously ill. He is now, however, rapidly recovering, and hopes soon to enjoy good health again.

L. F. J., Silver Cliff, Ia.:

1. Please state the author of Whistling in Heaven. 2. If a man should lose his five senses what would he be?

1. Perhaps some of our readers can furnish it. 2. If a man should lose his five senses, he might as well be an idiot, for no matter how much he knew, or how much his mind contained, he would have no way of expressing his ideas.

W. Minto, Richmond, Ind.:

Will you please let me know the ingredients to use and quantities for making colored night lights such as they use for signalling purposes at sea—such colors as red, blue, or green?

To make red light, use nitrate of strontia, 13 parts; sulphur, 1 part; powder dust, 1 part. The latter ingredient is prepared from fine gunpowder, rubbed up carefully in a mortar and then sifted through a fine sieve.

For blue light—Saltpetre, 12 parts; sulphur, 4 parts; black sulphuret of antimony, 1 part.

For green light—Nitrate of baryta, 60 parts; chlorate of potassa, 18 parts; sulphur, 22 parts.

R. S., Neosho, Mo.:

Please give recipe for making cement which such as shoemakers use for patching, also cement for mending gum boots.

Dissolve a quantity of gutta-percha in chloroform in quantity to make a fluid of honey-like consistence. When spread it will dry in a few moments. Heat the surfaces at a fire or gas flame until softened, and apply them together. Small patches of leather can be thus cemented on boots, etc., so as almost to defy detection, and some shoemakers employ it with great success for this purpose. It is waterproof, and will answer almost anywhere unless exposed to heat which softens it.

H. L., Oak River, Manitoba.

Please give information as to healthfulness of climate, productions and price of land in Dominica and Montserrat.

Dominica is a British West Indian Island, a colony of the Leeward Islands, and is 29 miles long and 16 miles in width, with an area of 291 square miles. Only a small part of it is arable, the surface being rough and broken. Volcanic rocks and hot springs abound, and large deposits of sulphur are reported. The island is well timbered and well watered, and the arable parts are very fertile. Sugar, molasses, rum, coffee, cacao and copper ore are exported. The people are generally Catholics, of French descent. The Island has its own legislature and executive officers. Montserrat, of the same colony, is twelve miles in length and eight miles in maximum breadth. Its area is 47 square miles. The surface is mountainous, and much broken, with a fertile valley in the centre. It is well adapted to sugar and coffee culture. It exports also some cotton, arrowroot, and fruit. It is called the most healthful and pleasant of the West India Islands. It has a local government of its own.

H. C. W., Albina, Oregon:

Please give a short history of Robert Dale Owen, his public life, and especially the result and out-come of his effort to establish a community in Southern Ind., to own property in common, their base of operation and amount of land owned by him, etc.

Robert Dale Owen was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and came to America in 1823, after having spent three years studying in Switzerland. During his life in America he was several times a member of the Indiana legislature, and later of the United States Congress. The bill incorporating the Smithsonian Institute at Washington was introduced by him, and he became one of the regents. He wrote extensively and is widely known as the advocate of spiritualism. His father, Robert Owen, when he came to the United States in 1823, determined to found at his own cost, a communist society; and with this view he bought of Rapp, the settlement of New Harmony, in Indiana, on the banks of the Wabash, embracing 220,000 acres and dwellings for 1,000 persons. The scheme, however, was an utter failure, and in 1827 he returned to England, where he attempted a similar scheme with like results.

E. E. W., Locust Point, Ohio:

1. What was the Trent affair? 2. Where did Rhode Island get its name? 3. In case of the death of the vice president, is another one chosen or elected, and how?

1. Jefferson Davis, president of the southern confederacy, appointed Messrs. Mason and Slidell, two noted slavery statesmen, ambassadors to England and France, who had acknowledged the confederate states as belligerents. With their private secretaries they took passage on the Trent, a British mail steamer, from Havana, having escaped a blockade squadron at Charleston. Capt. Wilkes, of the San Jacinto, (a United States merchant vessel from the South Sea islands) was informed, and lay in the Bahama channel. On November 8th, just before noon, the Trent appeared. An order by the Jacinto to heave to was unheeded by the Trent, and a shell was fired across her bow, which brought her to. The envoys were taken back and imprisoned at Ft. Warren, near Boston. "Neutral" England demanded the immediate release of the prisoners. After a protracted and hot debate in Congress the prisoners were liberated.

2. It was so named from a fancied resemblance to the Island of Rhodes.

3. No. The President *pro tem* of the Senate acts as vice-president.

W. A. H., Irwin, Iowa:

1. Will you please give me a recipe for removing freckles from the face. 2. Will you please give me a recipe for making invisible ink.

1. If the exact cause of freckles were known, a remedy for them might be found. A chemist in Moravia discovering the bleaching effect of mercurial preparations, inferred that the growth of a local parasitical fungus was the cause of the discoloration of the skin, which extended and ripened its spores in the warmer season. Knowing that sulphur is fatal to the fungus, and that it is a deadly enemy to all parasitic vegetation, (itself not being otherwise injurious) he applied this salt for the purpose of removing freckles. The compound consists of two parts of sulphio-carbolate of zinc, 25 parts of distilled glycerine, 25 of rose water, and 5 parts of scented alcohol, and it is to be applied twice daily for from half an hour to an hour, then washed off with cold water.

2. There are a number of colorless essences that may be used as inks, which are developed by the application of heat only. Sulphate of copper and sal ammoniac, mixed in equal parts, will become yellow if exposed to the fire. Onion juice, diluted with water, will produce a like mixture. A weak solution of chloride of cobalt and chloride of nickel is turned a beautiful green by heat. A solution of acetate of cobalt, with a little nitrate of bismuth, turns green covered by heat, and disappears again when cold. This last is the best for correspondence as the others are more or less indelible when once developed.

Jacob L., Dot, Mich.:

1. What can you say of the technical schools of the United States? 2. Of what nationality was Patrick Henry? 3. What was done by the French in the settlement of America?

1. Schools of technology are established independently and also in connection with colleges and universities, not only for the edification of the general student, but for those who intend to become experts in one, or at most a few branches, in which the fundamental principles of the arts are taught, including mathematics, mechanical engineering, mining, philosophy, chemistry and usually mineralogy and geology. In independent institutions other branches are added. 2. Patrick Henry was born at Studley, Hanover county, Va., May 29, 1736, and died at Red Hill, Charlotte county, in 1799. 3. France, as the claimant to the basins of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, may be said rather to have pitched camps than planted claims in the Indian possessions. She regarded America chiefly as a supplementary battle field for England and herself. Every French settlement was but an inert part of a political machine, powerful indeed, but unwieldy, expensive and unproductive. The government was everything, and the individual subject was nothing. Hence, neither Louisiana or Canada at all realized our idea of a colony. For corroboration of this may be cited two authorities and official facts. As an encouragement to marriage, rewards and exemptions were held out to the parents of three children; and the erection of a dwelling on a lot of less than forty arpents (about 34 acres) was prohibited by a royal ordinance. In 1762, France gave up Canada to England, and as indirect concession also to the same power, transferred Louisiana to Spain—reverse which, though enough, did much to facilitate France's grand scheme, the separation from England of her old colonies.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

14) C. P. W. (no postoffice):

1. What ingredients, added to white paint, will produce an imitation of iron, on wood, the colors black and brown and tuscan red? 2. What is cold-drawn linseed oil? 3. What is used to produce a cherry paint?

(15)—T. R. Barger, Silver Cliff, Col.—What is the comparative distance to the North Star? Seven stars and moon. Does the North Star move, and if so, what is its course?

(16.)—S. W. B., Dawson, Pa.—Please give a sketch of the life of Dr. Carver, the celebrated shot, his occupation in life, and where he resides at present.

(17.)—A. H., Jr., Waldron, Oregon:

What position did John Morgan, of Kentucky, hold in the army during the Mexican war.

Answers.

(13.)—It became customary for queens to reign in about the year 2200 B. C. The first queen was Semiramis, queen of Assyria. She had been the wife of King Ninus, of Assyria; but when King Ninus died she became the sole ruler of the country and conquered Libya, Ethiopia and the surrounding country. She was an ambitious woman and could not content herself to live quietly in Babylon, although she had taken so much pains to make it a beautiful city. She was the woman who made the beautiful gardens and palaces, and set up the golden image of Belus. She was tormented with a desire to conquer all the nations of the earth, so she collected an immense army and marched against that rich and powerful King of the Indies. When the King of the Indies heard that Queen Semiramis was coming to invade his dominions he mustered a vast number of men to defend them. Besides his soldiers he had a great many elephants, each of which was worth a whole regiment of soldiers. They were taught to rush into the battle and toss the enemy around with their tusks and trunks and trample them down with their huge feet. Queen Semiramis had no elephants, and was much afraid that the King of the Indies would overcome her. She endeavored to prevent this misfortune by a very curious contrivance. In the first place, she ordered 3,000 brown oxen to be killed. The hides of the oxen were sewed together in the shape of elephants. When the battle was beginning, the King of the Indies, with his real elephants, marched forward on one side, and Queen Semiramis, with her camels and ox hides, came boldly against him on the other. The real elephants put the camels to flight, and, in a rage, ran about trampling the Assyrians down by hundreds. The King of the Indies remained a complete victory. Queen Semiramis was sorely wounded, but she got into a chariot and drove at full speed from the battlefield. She then took up her residence in the palace at Babylon. But she did not long enjoy herself in the beautiful gardens which she had suspended in the air. It is said that her own son, named Ninias, put his mother to death, that he might get possession of the throne and reign over the people.—E. M. BEITS, Hoytsville, O.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR.

Permanent Reduction of Wages on Account of the Inter-State Commerce Law.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 4.—The American Sugar Refinery has made a 10 per cent. reduction in the wages of all its employes, except clerks, teamsters and coopers. The reduction affects 1,200 men. The company a year ago made a voluntary increase of 10 per cent. in the wages of the employes, but has now caused a similar reduction, owing, the managers explain, to the workings of the inter-state commerce bill and dullness of the sugar market.

The matter will be laid before the labor unions to-night. Inquiry was made at the California refinery if they intended taking similar action. The answer was no.

A shipment of 2,000 barrels of sugar for Minneapolis by the American refinery over the Canadian Pacific route is detained at Victoria, B. C., owing to the steamer on which it was shipped from here being quarantined.

The Standard Oil Case.

BUFFALO, May 9.—Evidence was introduced in the conspiracy case this morning to try and prove that the Standard company are directly interested in the Vacuum Oil Co. of Rochester. The entire morning session was taken up with the cross-examination of Mr. Matthews, president of the Buffalo Lubricating Oil works.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels, and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

Yours for Health

20 Years Record.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS, IMMEDIATE AND LASTING IN ITS EFFECT. IN LIQUID, PILL OR LOZENGE FORM, (6 FOR $5.) EITHER OF THE LATTER SENT BY MAIL.

SECURE FROM OBSTRUCTION, OR ESCAPE OF PRIVATE MRS. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS AND STAMP TO LYNN, MASS. *Mention this Paper.*

ITS MERITS KEEP UP THE SALE.

IT IS A BLESSING TO OVERWORKED WOMEN. It REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. CURES LEUCORRHŒA. MENSTRUAL PERIODS PASSED *without* PAIN.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It.

IT REVIVES THE DROOPING SPIRITS, INVIGORATES AND HARMONIZES THE ORGANIC FUNCTIONS, GIVES ELASTICITY AND FIRMNESS TO THE STEP, RESTORES THE NATURAL LUSTRE TO THE EYE, AND PLANTS ON THE PALE CHEEK OF WOMAN THE FRESH ROSES OF LIFE'S SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER TIME.

WEARY WOMEN PRAISE IT.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does ALL it claims to do. It will cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

THE *Woman's Sure Friend* FOR ALL DELICATE AND COMPLICATED TROUBLES. LIGHTS IT WILL NOT RELIEVE SURGICAL OPERATIONS OR CURE CANCER, BUT IT WILL UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES, ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

All Sold by Druggists.

MRS. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION BILIOUSNESS AND TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, 25 CENTS.

FOR EIGHTEEN LONG YEARS

She Believed in Her Lover, and Now Seeks His Pardon.

NASHVILLE, May 7.—Eighteen years ago, the doors of the state prison closed upon Frank Riddle, of Maury county, who had been sentenced to life imprisonment for murdering a German peddler. There were doubts as to the guilt of Riddle, who, refusing to acknowledge the crime and accept a term of fifteen years, insisted upon a plea of not guilty.

The trial resulted in his conviction, and the defendant appealed to the Supreme court, which granted a new hearing. A second verdict against Riddle was rendered, and he was sent to the penitentiary. Year after year passed. One after another of the life convicts died, and Riddle almost abandoned hope of obtaining his freedom.

While Gov. Taylor was seated in his office yesterday a woman walked in the apartment and presented to the governor a petition for executive clemency signed by the foreman and every officer of the prison, who stated that Riddle's long incarceration had served the ends of justice. Accompanying the petition was a letter written by the woman who bore it. After the governor had read the document the lady rose, and addressing him, said:

"Gov. Taylor, when that man was accused of murder I was engaged to be married to him. I did not believe him guilty and did not break the engagement.

"During the two or three years that the trial was pending I still believed in him.

"During the 18 years of his confinement I have stuck to him.

"His parents have died. His brothers and sisters are all dead except a sister, who lives out west. The people who were interested in the case then have forgotten him. I am the only friend he has in the world. My life has been wrapped up in him. I believe in him and have loved him through all these long, weary years and I want you to pardon him. He did not, as you think him an innocent man, but for the sake of two lives that may yet be happy I implore you to set him free."

Without waiting to hear the governor's decision she arose and left the office and the capitol. When the governor had cleared his eyes of tears he turned to Bishop Fundberry. "Such devotion and constancy I have never seen, and whatever Riddle may have deserved, it does look as if that woman ought to have a chance at happiness."

The prisoner will be pardoned.

WHEAT AND COTTON.

Weekly Reports of the Condition of Crops —Favorable Outlook.

CHICAGO, May 9.—The *Farmers' Review* will print the following crop report of the week: Rains have been beneficial to winter wheat in all states. Seeding spring wheat is completed. The average condition of winter wheat in 14 southern counties is 88 per cent., the general average of winter wheat in Indiana counties reporting 87 per cent. The condition of spring wheat is good in nearly every report. The condition of winter wheat in Kansas is not promising. The same may be said of Michigan. Minnesota winter wheat is in fair condition, spring wheat about above normal. The prospects in Missouri are very good for winter wheat. Winter wheat in Nebraska is very good.

The average condition in Ohio is rather low. Jackson county has an average condition of 105 per cent., and in Vinton 105 per cent. The condition of crops in Wisconsin and Dakota is fair.

The Cotton Crop.

MEMPHIS, May 9.—The regular monthly cotton crop report for West Tennessee, North Mississippi, North Arkansas and North Alabama, which will be published to-morrow, says that the weather in the main has been favorable excepting in portions of Arkansas, where dry weather prevailed. Full four-fifths of the crop has been planted up to the 1st instant. The acreage planted shows an increase of 2 5-8 per cent. over last year, the largest gain being in Tennessee, next Arkansas, then Alabama, while Mississippi is the same as last year.

Labor is in ample supply excepting in Mississippi and Arkansas.

The corn acreage shows an increase of 2½ per cent. compared with last year. Mississippi reports an increase of 4 per cent.; Arkansas, 3½ per cent.; Tennessee, 1 per cent., and Alabama the same acreage as last year. As a whole it is most satisfactory.

Agony is Courted

By persons who, attacked by a mild form of rheumatism, neglect to seek prompt relief. Subsequent torture is prevented by an immediate resort to Rostetter's Stomach Bitters. Slight exposure, an occasional draught, will beget this painful malady, where there is a predisposition to it in the blood. It is not difficult to arrest the trouble at the outset, but well nigh impossible to eradicate it when matured. No evidence in relation to this superb blood depurent is more positive than that which establishes its efficacy as a preventive and remedy for rheumatism. Not only is it thorough, but safe, which the vegetable and mineral poisons, often taken as curatives of the disease, are not. Besides expelling the rheumatic virus from the system, it overcomes fever and ague, biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia.

TO EXECUTE THE NEW LAW.

A State Constabulary to be Organized at Once.

LANSING, Mich., May 7.—"The state constabulary to enforce the liquor laws," was a bill passed by the House yesterday, to take immediate effect. This is not a part of the liquor law, but a supplement designed stringently to execute new laws. It is so radical that its quick passage by a large majority—60 to 13—was unexpected. The bill provides for the appointment by the governor of a state marshal at a salary of $1,200, with power to appoint a force of deputy state marshals throughout the state, who are charged with the duty of enforcing the liquor laws, and paid by the counties. The practical effect of the law is to take all prosecutions from the prosecuting attorneys and other local officers, and give them to the state constabulary.

Appealed to a Higher Court.

NOGALES, Ariz., May 7.—Regarding the execution of the Mexican military prisoners sentenced to be shot for creating trouble near here some time ago, Gov. Torres telegraphed J. J. Chatham:

"The military prisoners have applied to a higher military court of justice in Mexico for an appeal of their sentence. The case has to be sent there. (Signed) LOUIS E. TORRES."

This telegram is in answer to a private message.

The prisoners made application just in time to prevent execution. The higher court means the president and the secretary of the military. The prisoners are confined in prison at Guyamos, and are separated, each one being in close confinement. This action means the death sentence.

The visible supply issued by the secretary of the Chicago board of Trade to-day, is: Wheat, 46,303,084 bushels; corn, 15,614,465 bushels.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. in stamps by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 8, 1883, says: At one of the "Windows"

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms ! ! ! "There was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so

Paralyzed. ! ! !

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was first Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomoter Ataxy"

(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured)

and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last five years not able to attend to my business.

Many things have been done for me.

The last experiment being Nerve stretching.

Two years ago I was voted into the Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "advocate;" "For anything in the shape of patent "Medicines?

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her

Consented ! !

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could

"Walk!"

So I started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any "Stick!"

Or support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester "Royal Exchange"

For thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going in the room on Thursday last. Very gratefully yours,

JOHN BLACKBURN,

MANCHESTER, (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.

Two years later am perfectly well.

One Experience of Many.

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my *Life!*

My trouble always came after eating any food—

However light,
And digestible.

For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most

Excruciating pains,

"And the only way I ever got"

"Relief!"

Was by throwing up all my stomach contained ! ! No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until

"At last?"

I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and

Could eat nothing ! ! !

My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain.

Their efforts were no good to me.

At last I heard a good deal

"About your Hop Bitters!

And determined to try them."

Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of

One / /

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a

"Sick!"

Hour from the same cause, since.

I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such

"Advocate as I am."

GEO. KENDALL, Allston, Boston, Mass.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE PLYMOUTH ROCK $3 PANTS.

(Vests to match, cut to order, $2.25.)

How FOOLISH it is for any man to pay more for PANTS, and likes to save money, not to give us a TRIAL ORDER and settle the question NOW and FOREVER, whether we can fit you and please you. Remember you get PANTS CUT TO HIS OWN ORDER that will suit HIM, and if not EARNESTLY RE-T you, in all good faith, both for the goods in your pocket and for cuts to grant us this one trial. We will refund your money promptly if you so choose,

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1887.

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TOLEDO BLADE Co., Publishers. D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 100,000.

WHO SHOULD IT BE?

Who is your choice for Republican Presidential candidate next year? Read the article on this page, and send us your postal card at once.

THE ARMAGEDDON OF RUM APPROACHING.

"Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty spirit before destruction," says an inspired writer; and a critical survey of the present aspect of the struggle between the Rum Power and the forces of Prohibition certainly gives hope that the present imperious and defiant attitude of the former is but the prelude to its final downfall and utter destruction. The minions of the Rum Devil were never more unwise, never more tyrannical in their demands, than now. So intolerant are they as to deny the right of free speech to their opponents, and even resort to murder to silence active and tireless advocates of Prohibition. The Prohibition cause, within a year, has furnished two martyrs—HADDOCK and MORTHRUP—both brutally murdered because of their energetic opposition to the Rum Power; and there seems no doubt that, in the recent shameful miscarriage of justice at the trial of the alleged murderer of HADDOCK, at Sioux City, Ia., the money and the influence of the Rum Power was used successfully to corrupt certain jurors and prevent a conviction.

These lawless and murderous efforts to combat Prohibition react upon the Rum Power and intensify the zeal of its opponents. Thoughtful men see in these crimes the legitimate fruit of the infernal traffic in Rum, and from a neutral position move over into the Prohibitionist camp to become the active allies of the movement to crush the Rum Power. The war waged upon the saloon and the malign influences it represents, will be waged in a more determined and relentless manner as the result of the adoption of foul murder as a part of the tactics of its supporters.

These two murders, within a few months of each other, may well be taken to mark a belief on the part of the Rum Power that the time has come when it must make a struggle for supreme control in state and nation, or yield the field and abandon the contest with Prohibition. The saloon has so long dominated a large class of the community, it has for so many years absolutely controlled elections, especially in our larger towns and cities, it has so often held the balance of power in state contests, it has grown so wealthy upon the money wrung from the slaves of drink, that as a natural result it has become arrogant and intolerant. The Rum Power assumes that the privilege to sell these infernal beverages is one of the corner-stones of the republic, and that any effort to prevent the week and foolish members of the community from becoming drunkards and ruining themselves physically, morally and financially, is a blow at American liberty. The lords of the saloon demand that they shall be left alone, and that the life-destroying and soul-blasting activities of the Rum-hole shall not be interfered with.

The signs of the times all show that the people of the nation are at last becoming aroused to a full realization of the peril in which our free institutions stand, from the advance of the Rum Power. Its power and influence have increased year by year. Its hold upon the worst element in politics, and consequently upon the conduct of public affairs, has been strengthened and confirmed. The years of effort on the part of the people to control it and keep it within bounds have shown the utter futility of any such plan. The Rum traffic is much too profitable to those engaged therein for them to look with equanimity upon such efforts, or to yield obedience to the dictates of law. Men whose sole business in life is to ruin men, body and soul, have no scruple in defying all law, human or divine. They are willing to barter their souls for gold, even if the latter be stained with the blood of murdered men, blackened with ruin, and wet with the tears of miserable wives and starving children. The Rum Power will not be regulated. It will not allow itself to be controlled. These facts are apparent to every observer; hence, there is no course left but the complete extermination of the traffic. The Rum Power must be pulverized, that the steady march of debauchery, ruin and murder shall be stopped.

The present defiant attitude of the Rum Power every where in the nation is due to the fact that it recognizes that there is a general movement all along the line for its extermination. Every nerve is strained to defeat, by any and all means, the efforts of the friends of Prohibition. In Michigan, a short time ago, the Prohibition amendment was defeated by the most abominable frauds. An immense corruption fund is rapidly being raised to accomplish the same result in Texas. Tens of thousands of dollars will be spent in buying purchaseable votes, in silencing the press wherever possible, and in the accomplishment of frauds at the ballot-box in the interests of Rum. The same thing will be done in Tennessee. A leading liquor dealer of Chattanooga declared recently that the whisky interest of that state was raising a large fund to be used in corrupting voters on election day, which occurs in September. A literary bureau has also been organized by the Rum Power, which has a large fund at its command to secure the insertion, in the country newspapers of the state, of letters purporting to be from *bona fide* correspondents, attacking Prohibition upon every possible ground.

Speaking of the various plans that have been set on foot by the Rum Power to defeat Prohibition in various states, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, of recent date, has the following strong comment in its editorial columns:

> The alarm which has been manifested by the leading liquor dealers throughout the country the past few weeks is one of the most significant and encouraging signs of the times. Representatives of the whisky interest realize at last that their industry is in peril, and are taking measures to protect themselves. During nearly all the years that have intervened between the time of the organization of the first temperance society in the United States and the early portion of the present year the liquor men considered themselves masters of the situation. It is probable, to be sure, that they felt some fear when the early crusades against the rum evil were inaugurated about half a century ago, but that emotion was successfully transformed into contempt, amusement and indifference as they realized their own powers and the weakness of their foes. But all this has been changed since the beginning of the present year. The old arrogance and swagger has departed, and in its place has appeared a decided manifestation of dread at the perils by which they have suddenly found themselves confronted.
>
> It must be conceded that the liquor element has good cause for alarm. The country is aroused regarding the extent and enormity of the whisky evil as it has never been aroused before. The money which Louisville has raised and which St. Louis is expected to raise, is for use in combating the prohibition crusade in Texas. But the Texas movement would not be considered perilous to the whisky interest if it were at all peculiar to that commonwealth. It is the fact that Texas is only one of many states in which prohibition has become the controlling issue of the time, which renders the situation so full of portent to the dealers in rum. In some sections the battle against whisky takes the form of local option, in others high license, and in still others total prohibition. But in some one of these phases a war is beginning to be made to restrict the evils of the rum trade as the country has never known in all its previous history.
>
> The forces which are arrayed against the liquor evil are the forces of law, order and morality, and the ultimate victory of those influences is as certain as is the vitality and stability of the principle which is steadily and irresistibly impelling society to a higher and grander development.

All the signs point to the fact that the Armageddon of the Rum Power—its Waterloo—is fast approaching. If the struggle were in but one state, the friends of Rum would look upon it with serene indifference; but it extends all over the Union. There is not a single state in which license, or taxation, or local option, or Prohibition, or a combination of two or more of these, is not either an accomplished fact or impending in the near future. The fullness of time has come when the people of the nation shall unite in one grand, one final, one victorious effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

SOME wild-eyed individual, writing to a Cincinnati paper, advances the idea that all Northwestern Ohio is liable to be blown into smithereens by an explosion of the reservoirs of natural gas beneath us. He declares (though upon what authority we know not), that a similar explosion took place in China some 200 years ago, by which about two million people were killed and a large district of country turned into an immense lake. The cause of this catastrophe was as follows: One large well, with its unusual pressure, by a back draft, drew the burning gas from a smaller well into the earth, resulting in an explosion. He thinks that we are liable to a similar accident at any time, by which the country over the entire gas field will be ripped up to a depth of 1,200 or 1,500 feet, creating a chasm into which the waters of Lake Erie will rush. He thinks that Gov. FORAKER should at once convene the legislature in extra session, to avoid possible disaster. This gentleman's ideas are valuable only as showing of what misdirected energy the human mind is capable.

THE New York *Times*, mugwump, does not agree with Mr. CARLISLE that the revenue must be reduced by reducing the tariff, and opening this country to a flood of "cheap and nasty" English goods, to the detriment, if not the destruction, of our own industries. It calls attention to the fact that the repeal of the tobacco tax would reduce our yearly income by at least $30,000,000; that the repeal of the duty on sugar, which is now no longer protective, owing to the remarkable changes in sugar production and the great fall in prices, but only a tax for revenue, would cut off $50,000,000 annual income. These two reductions would wipe out the yearly surplus as closely as it is advisable to do. But beyond all this comes the question, Need the revenues be reduced at all? When 1891 comes, and the 4½ per cents are due, where are we to get the money to pay the $250,000,000 of them? And a little later, how are we to pay the $738,000,000 of 4 per cents, if we reduce our income so that it is only equal to our expenditures?

THE telegraph brings an interesting account of the opening of the grave of PETER S. NEY, at Third Creek, North Carolina, in the hope of finding evidence that he was really the famous Gen. NEY, one of NAPOLEON'S marshals. Unfortunately, the skull was so decayed that it could not be determined. NEY'S skull had been trepanned, and if this skull had been found to have been subjected to the same operation in the same place, the proof would have been tolerably convincing. The story is as interesting in its strangeness as was that of the Rev. ELEAZAR WILLIAMS, who was believed by many to have been the Dauphin of France, the unfortunate son of LOUIS XVI. and MARIE ANTOINETTE, who was supposed to have died in childhood while a prisoner in the Temple, at Paris, shortly after the execution of his parents.

THE depreciation in the world's market rate for silver is creating trouble in Mexico, where the circulating medium is almost entirely silver. Consul WINSLOW writes from Guerrero that the Mexican dollar is now worth but 76 cents, and that this fact has caused a considerable disturbance in trade throughout Mexico, the values of all imported goods having risen 25 per cent. This is felt keenly by the poorer classes, who still receive the same wages in silver, though the articles which they must buy have increased in price. Here is a little object lesson which we of this country will do well to heed. It is a question how much silver we can add to our circulating medium and have the standard silver dollar maintain its face value.

THE West Virginia legislature has elected C. J. FAULKNER United States Senator. He is a free trade Democrat, an ex-Confederate soldier, and had the support of the CAMDEN men. The question has now to be settled between him and LUCAS. The latter was appointed by the governor after the legislature, in regular session, had failed to elect any one. LUCAS claims that the legislature, in extra session, can not choose a Senator as it was called only to act on financial measures. His opponents rely upon the plain provision of the United States constitution.

THE Kentucky Democrats have nominated Gen. SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER for governor. We append a brief biography of the candidate:

> Gen. S. B. Buckner was born in Kentucky in 1823; graduated at West Point in 1844; served on frontier posts 1844-52; served all through the MEXICAN WAR; resigned from the service in 1855; was farming near Louisville, Ky., in 1860-61, and joined the Confederate army in the latter year; surrendered Fort Donelson to Gen. Grant, February 16, 1862; was subsequently commander of a division of Hardee's corps, in Bragg's army, in Tennessee; was at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga; included in Ruby Smith's surrender to Gen. Canby, May 26, 1865.

THE United States government is beginning to find out something about Mr. OSCAR L. STRAUSS, Brooklyn, the new minister to Turkey. It has been discovered that when Mr. CLEVELAND appointed him, it was with the full knowledge that he was a member of a crockery firm suspected of wholesale frauds upon the customs department by means of undervaluation. Verily it is difficult to understand why the President deliberately selects unknown and improper persons for high official positions.

THE French are shouting "On to Berlin!" Apparently nothing will satisfy them but a repetition of the licking they received at Germany's hands a few years ago.

WHO SHALL BE THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT IN 1888?

So far as the signs go, the prospects of Republican success in the campaign of 1888 are decidedly cheering. Our Democratic brethren are exceedingly disgusted with their pick-up President. It is no wonder. Mr. CLEVELAND is an extremely ordinary stick for use as Presidential timber. If he is in command of any but the most ordinary abilities, they have not manifested themselves during his term of office. He came into the presidency without having achieved distinction as a citizen, a lawyer, or a statesman. His most salient characteristic is that dull, stolid obstinacy so often seen among men of narrow minds and mediocre ability. There is not a township in Ohio but can furnish men his superior in mental endowments, executive talent and educational acquirements.

With a large portion of the Democracy alienated from him because of his deification of the mugwumps, the better class of voters of all parties disgusted at his retention of the Pan-Electric swindler, GARLAND, in his cabinet, as well as with the official inaptitude of his other chosen constitutional advisers, he must necessarily be a weaker candidate than he was in 1884. Yet nothing seems more certain than his re-nomination. This of itself points strongly in the direction of Republican success.

The Democratic party, too, is not united as it was three years ago. The Solid South is on the point of disruption—first, upon the tariff issue; second, upon Prohibition. The political labor movement now developing is destroying Democratic strength in the cities and industrial centers of the North. There are minor local causes elsewhere which are sources of weakness. The Democratic party is but repeating the lesson of history. As long as it was in the minority it attracted to itself all the political Adullamites—"every one that was in distress and every one that was in debt and every one that was discontented." The most diverse and heterogeneous political elements found a common bond of political action in their opposition to Republicanism. But when, after 25 years of wandering in the wilderness, the Democracy came into control of the national government, all this was changed. Every diverse element within its ranks desired to dictate the policy to be pursued; and those who failed to receive recognition are ready to change their allegiance and work against the party.

All these considerations make the outlook for 1888 a very hopeful one for Republican success. It must not be understood, however, that the party will have a walk-over in the Presidential campaign; there are enough uncertainties to render the question of success largely one of leadership. So clearly is the fact recognized that the contest hinges upon this, that there is a remarkably deep interest shown in the discussion of the availability of each of the Republican leaders prominently mentioned for the nomination.

Of course Mr. BLAINE is the central figure of this discussion. His high qualifications, his superb talent as a statesman, his magnetic presence—for he is a born leader of men—make him without doubt the most popular of the glorious band of Republican leaders among the masses of the party. He suffered defeat in 1884 by such a narrow vote that there is a strong feeling that the nomination is his due if he desires it. Probably if the question who shall be our candidate for 1888 were submitted to a vote of the Republican party, Mr. BLAINE would lead the poll. There are many Republicans, however, who believe that he would be no stronger anywhere in the country than he was in the last contest, and that in certain sections he has lost ground.

Senator SHERMAN, of Ohio, is more prominently spoken of than any other candidate for the nomination, unless it be Mr. BLAINE. His public services have been equally as valuable to the nation. He is one of the few of the great leaders of the party whose political career antedates the war era. His name has more than once been before the national convention as a candidate for nomination, but each time he has been handicapped by a divided delegation from his own state. The indications now are that Ohio will be solid for her most distinguished son in next year's convention. If this occurs he will be a formidable candidate against any and all others.

The Republicans of Iowa, as we have before stated in the BLADE, are apparently solid in favor of Senator ALLISON, of that state, and he will probably have considerable support from other Western states and the Pacific Slope. While it is true that these three gentlemen are the only ones whose candidacy has been prominently discussed, the Republican party has many strong men among its leaders in state and nation who would make acceptable candidates for the Presidency. Senator EDMUNDS, of Vermont; Senator EVARTS and CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, of New York; Ex-Secretary WINDOM, of Minnesota; Senator STANFORD, of California; Gov. FORAKER, of Ohio; Senator HAWLEY, of Connecticut; Ex-Secretary of War ROBERT T. LINCOLN, of Illinois; and perhaps others, have been discussed more or less as eligible candidates, and may come to the convention with enthusiastic following—as it is hard to say what changes in public sentiment may occur before the meeting of the national convention.

For ourselves, the BLADE will support to the best of its ability the nominee of that convention. We are only anxious to have that body make no mistake, but to nominate the man who is strongest with the people. We believe we can say, with entire truth and without egotism, that no newspaper in the Union was more influential in the campaign of 1884 than the Weekly BLADE, and we propose to make it as conspicuous an advocate of Republicanism in next year's conflict. We believe, as stated above, that the question of success hinges largely upon the proper selection of a standard-bearer, and we propose that the BLADE readers shall express their preference as to the proper candidate through its columns. We believe that a vote given by the immense constituency of the Weekly BLADE will be most valuable, as showing the drift of public opinion regarding this matter.

We ask, therefore, every reader of the BLADE to take trouble to send us his views. Take a postal card and answer upon it the following questions. Use only the numbers in answering:

1. Who is your first choice for Republican Presidential candidate in 1888?
2. Who is your second choice?
3. Who is your choice for Vice President?

Sign your name, with your postoffice address, and put *nothing else* upon the card. Address it simply: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

We wish every voter who reads the BLADE to have the kindness to send us his postal card as soon as possible, as it will take some time to properly tabulate the returns. We propose doing this by states, as we will thus be enabled to see the drift of sentiment in the different sections of the country, the BLADE having readers in every state and territory in the Union.

Send us your postal card!

BOLSTERING A BAD CAUSE.

Gov. ROSS, of Texas, writes a letter to the liquor dealers' convention at Dallas, in reply to an invitation to be present, delaring that he shall vote against the proposed amendment. The points upon which he bases this action are not new. We have heard the same things stated over and over, for lo! these many years. He declares Prohibition to be "impolitic, unwise, and against the genius of free institutions." Brave words these—full of so and and fury, but signifying nothing. He says the present laws of Texas are "adequate to protect public liberty and private rights." We differ. No law is adequate to protect private rights when they allow men to carry on a traffic which injures their fellow-men physically, morally, and pecuniarily—which adds to the pauperism and crime of the state, and which increases the burdens of taxation, that all citizens must bear, to support these paupers, try these criminals, support larger police force, and maintain poorhouses and prisons. Have the wives and families of drunkards no rights to be protected by the state? Shall the unfortunate children of these men be reared in poverty and ignorance, merely that their fathers may not be interfered with in their career of drunkenness and debauchery?

The comparison with Maine is a misleading one. There are no criminal statistics published that we are aware of that will bear out the governor in the extreme picture he draws to the disadvantage of the Pine Tree state. He makes mere assertions, for which there is no proof, and hence they may safely be disregarded. And in what he says regarding the lack of material wealth and progress of Maine, he is guilty of false reasoning when he attributes this to Prohibition. There is no more reason in his argument than there would be in saying that the recent severe drouth in Texas was the result of the liquor traffic. Maine is in a cold, inhospitable climate, with a rocky, infertile soil, a vast portion of her area covered with forests. Her lack of progress is to be attributed to these conditions, not to Prohibition.

The governor's remark that states which have adopted Prohibition have simply been robbed of their legitimate revenue, is another puerile argument. For every dollar in taxes which the state receives for Rum, the people are robbed of ten or twelve dollars. To preserve the vile traffic in order to preserve the revenue is saying at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole. We do not know what revenue Texas obtains from Rum; but to take a general case, is it wise to save a million dollars in taxes per year and as compensation allow the masses of the people to be robbed of ten or twelve millions?

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

THE President, in his letter to the secretary of the Interior in relation to the controversy between GUILDFORD MILLER, a settler, and the Northern Pacific railroad company, regarding the ownership of certain lands, reviews the case, which has heretofore been described in the BLADE. Mr. CLEVELAND says to the secretary:

> I suggest that you exercise the power and authority you have in the premises, upon equitable consideration, with every presumption and intendment in favor of the settler, and in case you find this corporation is entitled to no more of these lands than it has already acquired, that you direct it to select in lieu of the land upon which Mr. Miller has settled other land within the limits of this indemnity reservation, upon which neither he nor any other citizen has in good faith settled or made improvements.

In this the President is merely following the policy of recognizing the equitable rights of settlers upon reserved railroad lands, who settled and made improvements in good faith, which was first inaugurated and acted upon by Sec. TELLER. The reversal of the precedent set by a Republican secretary of the Interior was made by LAMAR and GARLAND, of their own motion, and shows a pitiful subserviency to the dictation of a great moneyed corporation that goes but ill with the "reform" pretensions of this humbug administration. CLEVELAND has merely overruled their despotic action, and ordered Sec. TELLER'S policy to be revived and continued. It is hard for the Democrats to improve upon Republican administrative policy. Every time they try it they make a mess of it.

THE question was raised some time ago as to whether Ohio was admitted to the Union in 1802 or 1803. The state constitution was adopted on Nov. 29, 1802, the act of Congress by which she was admitted to the Union was passed February 19, 1803. It has been generally assumed in Ohio that the adoption of the state constitution is the proper date from which to reckon. On the other hand, as the consent of Congress is necessary to the state's becoming a member of the federal union, it is argued that the date of the passage of the act of admission is the proper one. While we incline to the belief that the latter is the proper legal view to be taken, it is nevertheless true that Gen. ST. CLAIR was removed from the governorship of the Northwest Territory November 22, 1802, and, no successor appointed, and that the election for state officers under the new constitution was held, and these officers installed, before Congress had acted in the matter. It is probable that the consent of Congress was a foregone conclusion. It makes but little practical difference, however, which date is really the proper one. The earlier one has gone into history, and it is not likely that the verdict will be changed.

SOMEBODY delares that CLEVELAND says if he is to be a Democratic candidate next year, he wishes the Republicans to renominate BLAINE. It is a risky thing, GROVER. It is too much to expect that a similar chapter of accidents to that which gave you the state of New York by a majority of 1200 in 1884 will occur again.

SHALL WE PAY THE DEBT?

The present administration found its financial policy for the first two years of its lease of power marked out for it in the policy of the 24 years of Republican executive control which had preceded it. The time is now coming when a new line of policy must necessarily be adopted; and, unfortunately for the country, the administration does not seem inclined to take a business like view of the situation. The public debt statement for May shows that there are outstanding $28,079,950 of the three per cent bonds. Twenty millions of these have already been called; and it would be perfectly feasible for the government to call and pay all of these securities before the close of the present fiscal year, which ends June 30.

When the 3 per cents. are all retired there are no government bonds which will be subject to call until September, 1891. The problem, then, which confronts the present administration is, what shall be done with the surplus which will be constantly accumulating during that time? The political quacks are each advocating his own pet theory. The free traders are anxious that the protective feature of the tariff shall be eliminated, and argue that a reduction of duties will reduce the revenue and prevent the accumulation of the surplus. This does not follow, however. A reduction of the tariff to the point proposed would render many lines of manufacturing unprofitable in America. The manufacturers would find it impossible to compete with foreign goods in the making of which the cost of labor is far less than the wages paid here. They would be compelled to withdraw from the field. The amount of imports would consequently be enormously increased, and the revenue arising from their importation, even at the reduced rates, would more than cover the intended reduction. American industries would be paralyzed, while the problem of what to do with the surplus would still remain unsolved.

It is passing strange that there seems to be no disposition on the part of the administration to do as any private business man would do under like circumstances—pay the debt. There are at least two avenues open by which the surplus revenues could be used in discharging the national debt, during the time that must elapse before the 4½ per cents can be called in. The first of these is to buy unmatured bonds in the open market, paying the premium on them. The political financiers of the Democratic persuasion, who are wedded to the free trade idea of revenue reduction, cry out against this on the ground that it would be a ruinous course. Let us examine the facts in the case.

The 4½ per cent bonds will mature in September, 1891, and the 4 per cents in July, 1907. The premium on the 4½s is about 10 per cent. and on the 4s about 29 per cent. It must be remembered that by purchasing and retiring these bonds, the interest thereon is at once stopped. In the four and one-half years that the 4½s have yet to run, the government will pay over 18 per cent in interest. On the 4 per cents, the interest from now to maturity will be over 80 per cent. of their face. It does not require much financial knowledge to enable one to see that, with idle money lying in the treasury, it is cheaper to pay 10 per cent premium now, and stop the interest, than to let the bonds run to maturity and then pay 18 per cent—the money, meanwhile, lying idle in the treasury, and drawing no interest. And in case of the 4 per cents, it is also cheaper to pay 29 per cent premium now, than 80 per cent in interest at maturity. In this matter, the free traders allow their slavish adherance to their pet lunacy to blind them to the best interests of the people.

With over 737 millions of 4 per cents outstanding, there would seem to be but little use in looking for another channel in which to extend the surplus. However, if for any reason it should be considered inexpedient to adopt this simple and practical method of reducing the debt, there is yet another means of doing so, quite as practical. It is, to redeem the greenbacks. The debt statement for May shows that there are $346,738,186 of these outstanding. They are just as much a part of the national debt as are the bonds. It is true they bear no interest, but they represent a part of what we owe, and must eventually be paid. Of course the fren would enter the souls of the devotees of the "fiat money" school of finance were this to be attempted. We cannot, however, see that this is a valid reason for not paying them as promptly as possible. The only objection which has the slightest apparent strength is that the payment of the greenbacks and their retirement from circulation would reduce the amount of currency in use just that much. This objection, however, is more apparent than real. The moment that any coin or representative thereof goes into the treasury it is, practically, retired from circulation, and remains so until paid out in pursuance of legislation. The actual cash surplus in the treasury on May 1—including the treasurer's item of "net cash," the fractional silver and minor coin—was $61,917,618. The currency of the country is contracted by just that amount, yet there is, to all appearances, plenty of money in circulation for the needs of business. To redeem that amount of greenbacks, and pay out in their place this 61 millions and over, would not contract the currency more than it is at present; and the same would be true of any successive amounts of accumulated surplus. If there were need of an increase in the circulating medium, it could be supplied by an extension of banking facilities.

The whole problem can be stated tersely, thus: The United States owes a debt of about $1,368,000,000, represented by bonds, greenbacks, and fractional currency. This must be paid sometime. We have to-day, in the treasury, nearly $62,000,000 of idle money available for this purpose, and our revenues are adding to this at the rate of eight or ten millions per month. It is not sound business to have idle money in your pocket with heavy debts outstanding. Pay the debt as rapidly as possible. As for the problem of revenue reduction, let us not cross that stream until we come to it. There is no need of reducing the renenue until we are out of debt.

IT seems impossible to make Pres. CLEVELAND understand that the portion of the United States this side of Buffalo is of the slightest importance. He has refused all the invitations to visit the West, but has accepted one to attend the unveiling of a soldiers' monument, at New Haven, on July 17. Next year he will regret that he did not show himself in the "rowdy West."

THE executive committee of the Anti-Saloon National committee will hold an important meeting at Cooper Institute, New York City, on May 25, which will be addressed by Senator EVARTS, ex-Judge NOAH DAVIS, Gen. STEWART L. WOODFORD, and other prominent Republicans of the Empire state.

GEN. SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER, the ex-Confederate Democratic candidate for governor of Kentucky, has a young wife (named ELIZABETH) and a bouncing baby (yet unnamed.) His enthusiastic supporters have adopted as their party slogan, "BOLIVAR, BETTY and the baby!"

THE New York *Mail and Express* gets a tail hold on the eternal verities when it remarks that "The liquor interests are the natural allies of the Democracy, and the inevitable foes of the Republican party."

WHO shall head the Republican ticket next year? Read article elsewhere, and send us your postal card.

WORKINGMEN LEAVING THE DEMOCRAIC PARTY.

Gen. ROSSER, of Virginia, an ex-Confederate officer, and politically a bitter Bourbon, takes a most dismal view of Democratic prospects in the coming Presidential campaign. He declares that the spread of protection doctrines has broken the Solid South, and rendered the election of a Democratic President an impossibility. He asserts that there is a strong growth of protectionist doctrines in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, and probably in Georgia and Louisiana also, owing to the rapid increase in manufacturing interests. The only advantage the Democrats obtained in the Congressional elections last fall was in securing three free trade Representatives from Minnesota. But he admits that in every other section of the country, where a square issue was drawn between protection and free trade, the Republican protectionists triumphed. As to the Presidency, he says: "We are already beaten. There is no prospect at all that we can win in the next contest."

And even with the South still solid, Gen. ROSSER does not believe that Democracy could again triumph. He seems to be a close observer of the drift of political sentiment, and he notes the fact that the new labor movement gains most of its strength from the Democratic ranks. His words are: "With the labor developments of the last year, it is easy to see that we cannot carry New York. That, of course, defeats us."

In fact, it has always been a matter of genuine wonderment, that the workingmen of the nation affiliated, in any degree, with the Democratic party. In the years before the war this party was ruled with a rod of iron by the slave-holding aristocrats of the South—men who lived in luxury upon the profits of the toil of laborers held in servitude. And no sooner was the war over, and the work of reconstruction completed, than the Democratic leaders of the North again yielded a practical control of their party's policy into the hands of the South. Democracy presents the strange anomaly of a party proclaiming itself the champion of the masses, yet controlled in the interests of would-be aristocrats and money magnates. The present national administration is a striking illustration of this. There has never been, in the history of Washington society, so much official ostentation and vulgar display of money as now. Sec. WHITNEY, who is the representative of the Standard Oil monopoly, and who is the son-in-law of HENRY B. PAYNE, whose seat in the Senate was obtained by bribery and corruption, has been the leader in this ostentatious display, and the President himself has shown a strong tendency to aristocratic exclusiveness. He is never seen walking about the city and mingling freely with the throngs upon the streets, as every Republican President from LINCOLN down was in the habit of doing. He is the only President who closed the gates of the White House whenever desirous of walking in the grounds. He is the only President who has denied himself to the public, except on stated days. He is the only President too artistocratic to use the ordinary entrance to a theatre, and who had a private door constructed, by which he was enabled to reach his box without danger of coming in contact with the vulgar crowd.

Notwithstanding the loud claims which the Democratic party has always made of being the friend to the laboring man, there is nothing more certain than that it has always been, really, the enemy of labor. It has never, when in control of the nation, put any legislation into effect to advance the interests of the workingman or to aid him in the proper education and training of his children. Up to the period of the war, the Democrats of the South, held labor to be degrading and fit only for slaves. The older generation will remember the scorn with which the Southern Democrats spoke of the free mechanics and laboring men of the North as the "mudsills" of society. It may be interesting to quote a distinguished South Carolinian, Rep. RHETT, who said in a speech in Congress, prior to the rebellion:

> Slavery is a great primordial fact, rooted in the origin of things. * * * As a corollary to this, it is safely deduced that the existence of (white) laborers and mechanics by organized societies was the result of the partial and progressive emancipation of slaves. * * * History tells us also, that when the (white) working classes stepped out of bondage they branched into four recurring subdivisions—the hireling, the beggar, the thief, and the prostitute, which have no general existence in slave countries, unless there has been a commencement of emancipation.

It is certain that, with such atrocious sentiments boldly advocated by Southern Democrats, and with the Democracy of the North their abject tools, the party, as a whole, was certainly not the friend of the laboring man. Nor has anything been done since the war to show that the Democratic party has changed its ground upon this question.

The Democratic party has constantly endeavored to reduce the tariff, and thus prostrate American industries, force idleness upon thousands of intelligent workingmen, and bring an era of little work and low wages. It can claim no share in the Republican legislation during and since the war which has resulted in free labor, in the rapid settlement of the great West through the homestead law, in the rapid extension of our industries under our beneficent protective system. The Democrats, in fact, have steadily opposed every measure whose result would be the advancement of the interests of the laboring classes. It is no wonder that the workingmen of the country are beginning to see the hollowness of that party's pretensions, and are abandoning it to its fate.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

SEN. REAGAN, of Texas, is out in another emphatic letter in favor of Prohibition in that state, and appealing to the voters of the Democratic party against the policy of identifying the party "with the whisky shops, the drunkards and the criminals." He should address his appeals to the men who run the political machine—who control caucuses, make slates, and that sort of thing. Those gentry, he will find, are not only in close affiliation with the element he deprecates, but are the absolute tools of the Rum Power.

THE Seabright, New Jersey, *Sentinel*, owned by Gen. CLINTON B. FISK, who was the third party Prohibitionist candidate for governor of that state last fall, and who has been mentioned as a candidate of that party for President next year, has swung into the Republican line and hoisted BLAINE'S name to the masthead for 1888. Gen. FISK has evidently gotten tired of third party foolishness.

THE assassins of Dr. NORTHRUP at Haverhill, O.—ALFRED MCCOY, THOMAS MCCOY, PIERSON MCCOY and JAMES MCCOY—have been indicted for murder in the first degree. We have faith that Ohio justice will be found more sure than the Iowa article.

THERE is nothing necessary, save that the Republican party shall take advantage of the dissensions and errors of the Democrats, to resume its natural and proper place at the head of the National administration.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Gen. ROSSER, once a Confederate leader, serving in the army of Virginia, has written a bitter letter to an old comrade in Winchester, Va., concerning Gen. PHIL. SHERIDAN'S projected horse-back excursion up the Shenandoah valley, to revisit the scenes made familiar by his cavalry exploits during the war. ROSSER protests vigorously against allowing SHEEIDAN to "desecrate the valley." There seems no means available by which SHERIDAN'S trip can be prevented; and he therefore suggests that the inhabitants refuse to entertain him and his party, or to furnish them with food, thus compelling them to carry their own rations. We venture to predict that the Virginians of the valley are not such asses as Gen. ROSSER, and that SHERIDAN'S party will find no difficulty in obtaining entertainment, the same as any other party of travelers. We quote a couple of characteristic paragraphs from ROSSER'S letter:

> I had hoped that our beautiful valley should never again be desecrated by his (Gen. Sheridan's footprints. Cold, cruel and brutal must be the character of this soldier, who fondly cherishes memories of the wild, wanton waste and desolation which his barbarous torch spread through the valley, laying in ashes the beautiful homes of innocent women, young and helpless children and aged men, and who over these ruins boasted that "Now a crow cannot fly over this valley without carrying his rations."
>
> I have forgiven the brave men of the Union armies whom I met in honorable battle, and who finally triumphed over us in the great struggle. Among them I can now name many of my warmest and truest and most prized friends. They are good and true men, and think none the less of us for having fought them. Indeed they esteem him highest amongst us who fought them the hardest. Sheridan is not one of this kind, and he has never accorded to us that peace which Grant proclaimed. I now say to you, my dear major, and to our gallant comrades who are now in the valley, that I hope you will allow this man to make his triumphal ride up the valley in peace, but have him go like a miserable crow, "carrying his rations with him."

Gen. ROSSER forgets that war is of necessity savage and cruel. The Shenandoah valley was the granary of Virginia, the source from which LEE'S army received its supplies. It was a military necessity that it should be devastated, upon the same principle that the enemy's commissary stores would be burned after capture, if they could not be moved. It also served as a well-provided route for Confederate raids into the North, and they could not be checked until it was laid waste. The more injury that is done in war to the enemy, the sooner the struggle is over. Were ROSSER a woman, he might be excused for his childish whine. A soldier should understand what war means, and that military necessity justified SHERIDAN'S raid.

THE secret of ROSSER'S ridiculous letter concerning PHIL SHERIDAN is, that ROSSER was the commander of the rebel cavalry in the Shenandoah valley; he and his men wore sprays of laurel in their hats, and ROSSER was called by the ridiculous title of "the savior of the valley." SHERIDAN got after him, captured everything on wheels that ROSSER had, artillery, camp wagons, etc., and drove him and his men on the jump for 26 miles. The valley people suggested that ROSSER and his men should wear pumpkin vines in their hats instead of laurel—"something that could run."

WE want *every voter* who reads this copy of the BLADE to send us his vote on the Republican candidate for the Presidency next year. Read long article elsewhere.

A HINT TO INVENTORS.

There is no more promising field for inventive talent than in the discovery of new and simple methods for utilizing crude petroleum as a fuel. And to the inventors already working in this line, we would suggest the advisability of directing their efforts to the perfection of cheap and rapid means of converting this important product into gas, which may then be utilized as circumstances shall dictate. It looks, at present, as though what is known as the natural gas area of Northwestern Ohio, extending into Indiana, will be more productive of petroleum than of gas. The result of the eventually increased production, naturally, is to reduce the price very materially.

There is no doubt that an improved method of utilizing this abundant product as fuel, would enable it to be used at a cheaper rate than natural gas, except at points in the immediate vicinity of gas wells. A largely increasing demand from this source would cause a rise in prices, which would render the oil wells more profitable, and still leave a large margin to the consumer over the cost of other fuel. And the inventor of such a process will have a fortune assured him.

MR. SCHOONMAR, United States consul at Tunstall, England, makes a report which is of interest to gas consumers in this country. It shows that the prices there charged to consumers are 75 cents per 1,000 feet in the great cities, and 58½ cents in the smaller places. It also states that the net cost of the gas to the companies making and supplying it is, in the metropolitan cities, 46 cents per thousand feet, and in the provincial cities and towns, 38 cents. A number of years ago the average rate charged was fifteen shillings, or about $3.50 per thousand. Now the average rate is not more than 70 cents, a reduction in price of 80 per cent. Yet in spite of this wonderful reduction in prices

TO FIGHT IRELAND'S BATTLE

In the Land of the Free—Arrival of Mr. William O'Brien—An Address of Welcome.

NEW YORK, May 10.—Persistence and patience achieved a notable victory yesterday, and the Irish committee of welcome at last found Mr. William O'Brien. This they accomplished in the dead of night about 40 miles from New York, in a dense fog and damp, dismal weather generally, and never, perhaps, has there been a more weird and extraordinary scene than that which took place when the committee's steamer got alongside the immense Cunarder Umbria.

There is a rousing cheer, which is answered from the big steamer. But when a second cheer is given for "William O'Brien and Ireland" they were not all cheers that responded. Some were cheers and some of the cheers were for Lord Lansdowne. Then out upon that heaving sea, in the midst of the fog and damp sheets, English and Irish antagonists found abundant vent. "God Save the Queen" and "God Save Ireland" hacked and hewed each other, and jeer and taunt passed across the intervening tide.

"Take that line," was roughly spoken from the smaller vessel, and the answer came from Capt. McMakin, "What do you mean by coming alongside and treating us like dogs?"

Then they inferred that he would not let anybody on board without the health officer's permit. He was informed the doctor was on board and also the custom house officer. Then he was told that Mr. O'Brien was wanted on the Umbria, as also Bishop Ireland and another passenger.

"Take him," said a voice, referring to Mr. O'Brien, "we'll have fair weather now that Jonah is going."

Now Mr. O'Brien came to the gangway and said: "Are there any friends of mine on board who wish me to go to New York tonight?"

"Yes," was the ringing answer.

"Then I shall go," said Mr. O'Brien, "in compliment to the cowards on board this ship."

The process of transfer was tedious and difficult. Bishop Ireland elected to remain on board, but Mr. O'Brien and the other passengers came down a ladder. The Irish patriot was warmly welcomed and there was a renewal of the taunts, cheers and counter cheers, as the vessels grew faint to each other in the fog. The stern line of the little vessel was supposed to have been cut by somebody on board the Umbria, but a deckhand of the Moore said that the rope was broken on board that boat by the up and down strain.

Mr. O'Brien's passage had not been an unmixed pleasure. He had been subjected to many annoyances by his fellow passengers. Bishop Ireland on one occasion rebuked them, saying that he could call up 600 passengers from the steerage who would drown them out. This one of the passengers affected to regard as a threat.

Mr. O'Brien was presented with the following address, read by Mr. James A. Graham:

DEAR SIR:—On behalf of the Irish-American people of our great city, we welcome you heartily and cordially to New York. You are no stranger to the Irish race in America, for beyond the brief period of your former stay in this country you have found lodgment in our hearts, and we welcome you again and again. We honor you for the years of service which have made your name a household word, wherever the exiled children of our race are there is the name of William O'Brien revered and respected.

When five years ago you went down to Mallow, your native town, to stand as the Nationalist candidate, your success caused dismay to Ireland's enemies, and gave a death blow to the rotten borough system so well adapted to the needy placemen who are ever ready to placate power and worship the golden calf.

It is not necessary to follow the record of your parliamentary career. In the light of the splendid service of the Irish party, no better eulogium is required than to say you performed your whole duty, disregarding every consideration of health and looking to Ireland's welfare alone.

But perhaps the highest claim you have on our affections as a people is your position as *United Ireland* in the darkest hours of almost hopeless despair. The clarion voice of Ireland's greatest journal rang out in thunder tones the sentiments that made the enemies of the people writhe 'neath the lash of one who never knew fear.

The jury-packer paused in his foul work, partisan judges and every tool of tyranny cowered under their own exposure that brought their infamy to light. Oppression and a free press cannot co-exist, and the fiat went forth that *United Ireland* must be suppressed and its editor imprisoned.

In vain do these heathen rage, and so with renewed vigor you carried on the warfare and tore the mask from the unspeakable orgies of the Castle. Moral and political corruption go hand in hand, but with God's providence Ireland shall gain the inestimable boon of self-government a grateful people will not forget your services in ridding them of a cancerous plague that had cursed Dublin for years.

And now Sir, in conclusion, we trust the mission you are engaged in will be eminently successful. In it you have our hearty support, and we wish you God-speed in your endeavor to save the people of Ireland from the sentence of death to which alien landlordism would gladly consign them.

Thanks to the national league, the indomitable spirit of our people in Ireland, and to the moral and material aid they obtained here and elsewhere, the battle is progressing gloriously and the omens of certain victory in the coming time are clear to every discerning mind.

We meet kindred spirits and brethren in Canada if you do not receive from them a generous Irish welcome. Already the echo of the sympathies of representative Canadians through their Parliament has been heard, and they have spoken with no uncertain words.

This warrants us in expecting a renewal of the cordial and sincere expressions of moral support and such evident acts as will give an earnest expression of their friendly feelings to the cause you represent.

This we do know, you have kindest wishes of the Irish-Americans of New York, and we trust you will ever retain pleasant memories of them. You can assure Mr. Parnell and the members of our fullest confidence in them, and our determination to continue the struggle until the end shall crown the work in the restoration to Ireland of self-government and the freedom which we Americans justly regard as our dearest and most sacred possession.

Mr. O'Brien said that he thanked them again and again for their unexpected and most hospitable welcome. He regretted most heartily of the severity of the which by which their hospitality had been tested. He then spoke of the Irish spirit which it was impossible to come in contact with without feeling that Ireland's cause was immortal and unconquerable. While he would not then make anything of a speech, he would say that he was engaged upon what was to some extent perhaps a dangerous mission.

Lord Lansdowne had been chosen by the landlords as the pioneer and champion of that body in the work of extermination. They had not been able to stem the torrent of eviction, but they had been able to protect the tenants who had had the pluck to adopt the plan of campaign and to stand by it. Five hundred poor tenants had been evicted in three months of this year in Ireland, but not one who had adopted the plan of campaign, because the tenants were fed and maintained out of the landlords' rents as long as a penny remained. The consequence was that they had made evictions expensive.

Lord Lansdowne had made the Luggacurran case a test case, and he had come here to make it a test case, too, and to meet him on the steps of his own throne. If Lord Lansdowne thought he could carry on these evictions he (Mr. O'Brien) thought there were a million Irish Canadians who would want to know the reason why. He asked the Canadians to be the judges.

He then referred to the trying time in Ireland at present, but he thought they had a leader on whom they could rely in Charles Stewart Parnell. Never before were the people of Ireland so hopeful, and never before were its enemies in such dismay. (Applause.)

Mr. Hugh McCaffrey extended an invitation to Mr. O'Brien to visit Philadelphia and promised him a rousing reception.

The gentlemen present were then introduced to Mr. O'Brien and pleasant courtesies were exchanged as the boat made its way to the city. On his arrival he was driven to the Hoffman House.

A Methodist Parson Advises Good Citizens to Condemn It.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 9.—In the Dominion Methodist church last evening Rev. W. W. Carson, preaching to a congregation of 2,500 persons, touched upon Mr. O'Brien's contemplated visit to Canada.

"Freedom," he said, "is liberty to do right, and that form of so-called freedom which refuses to pay debts, and which, under the mask of religion, forms the plan of campaign—that is a plan of plunder—is a caricature of the truth.

"In my conviction the contemplated attack upon his Excellency by a professional agitator from beyond the seas, is unjustifiable, and so abhorrent that it behooves all good citizens and honest men to condemn it. I would exhort you, however, to refrain from passion and from vioence. Let our protest be such a display of loyal patriotism when his Excellency returns as has never before been seen in the Capitol."

At the conclusion of the sermon the choir and congregation joined heartily in singing the national anthem.

—There are thousands of Women in Europe who have already been cured of chronic ailments, and Women's Weaknesses, by the new treatment which is to be introduced in America, and which is fully described in the leading article in the Obstetrical Journal of London. A responsible and respectable magazine of nearly one hundred pages. Every woman her own physician. Mailed on receipt of ten cents. ESRAY, HALL & CO., 56 Warren street, New York, P. O. Box 1703. When writing be sure to mention this paper.

FINE ART IN AMERICA.

The Metropolitan Museum, Thanks to Some Wealthy Art Patrons, Has One of the Finest Collections in the World.

NEW YORK, May 7.—[Special wire.]—When ex-Judge Henry Hilton purchased Meissonier's famous picture "Friedland, 1807," for $66,000, at the recent sale of the Stewart collection, in New York, it was with the intention of presenting it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, but his purpose was kept secret until yesterday, when, for the first time, the directors of the museum knew of the rich art treasure which had been intrusted to their keeping. "Friedland" was purchased by Mr. Stewart early in 1876, and he paid the artist for it at that time $60,000, which, with the duties on its importation, made its actual cost to the merchant prince just about what ex-Judge Hilton paid for it.

The picture is 96x54 inches in size, and represents the officers of Napoleon passing in review before their chief when he was in the height of his power and glory. Meissonier, in his letter to Mr. Stewart when the painting left the hands, wrote of it: "I did not intend to paint a battle. I wanted to paint Napoleon at the zenith of his glory. I wanted to paint the love, the adoration of the soldiers for the great captain, in whom they had faith, and for whom they were ready to die." The picture has been regarded as a master-piece of the great painter, and his reputation is as wide as the world of art.

Judge Hilton purchased it with a view of presenting it to the Museum in memory of his dear friend, A. T. Stewart, but he hesitated to make the gift until he was assured that the Museum was in every respect a safe receptacle for a treasure, which, if once destroyed, could never be replaced. His inquiries and investigations satisfied him on this point, and then the thought occurred to him that in offering this masterpiece in memory of Mr. Stewart, he might add a gift of his own to the collection of the museum. In his own private collection was an admirable companion to Meissonier's "Friedland," "The Defence of Champigny," by Edouard Detaille, which the Judge had bought in 1879 for $35,000. It seemed to him fitting that side by side with the masterpiece of the great French master should be exhibited the greatest work of his greatest pupil, and he determined to send "Champigny" to the museum with "Friedland."

"The defence of Champigny" is almost as famous throughout the world as the Meissonier of the Stewart collection.

The two pictures were sent to the museum, closely covered, to the care of S. P. Avery, of the board of trustees, several days ago, accompanied by Carl von Pilotty's "Thusnelda at the triumphal entry of Germanicus into Rome," another famous painting presented by ex Judge Horace Russell several days ago, but the secret of both presentations was preserved by Mr. Avery until yesterday, when for the first time the trustees became aware of the rich addition which had been made to the collection of the institution.

The actual money value of Judge Hilton's gift is something over $100,000, and with Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," recently presented to the museum by Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Metropolitan Museum of Art now possesses three of the most famous paintings produced by modern artists.

With these pictures, the paintings recently presented by Mr. Seney and the entire collection left by Miss Catherine Wolfe the museum now contains one of the finest galleries of modern art to be found in the world.

GREAT COUNTRY THIS.

We Can Have Any Kind of a Sensation that is Desired—Curious Freaks of the Recent Earthquake.

TUCSON, Ariz., May 10.—[Special wire.]—R. J. Kerr, has returned from the trip to Tres Alamos on the San Pedro, to which place he was to deliver cattle to the San Pedro Cattle Co. He reports that an earthquake fissure not less than 25 miles long extends from a short distance below Benson to fifteen miles below Tres Alamos. At the surface the fissure varies in width from six to eighteen inches. On one side the earth has sunk several inches. At places along the crack water burst forth but afterwards ceased flowing. The crack in many places is still open to a depth of several feet.

From the Empire ranch on the Sonoita, 70 miles south of here, a fissure is also reported. Reliable information states that when the earth opened water and mud were thrown up to a great height. One spring in that vicinity went dry and two others doubled their volume of water, but on the cessation of the disturbance the dry spring recommenced flowing. In the other two the water has diminished to its former stage.

LATER AND FULLER PARTICULARS.

EL PASO, TEXAS, May 10.—The details of the awful result of the recent earthquake in the state of Sonora are coming in slowly. Lieut. Brittan Davis brings startling news of the convulsions out west of the Carolines. The mines are located 110 miles southwest of El Paso, but the greatest destruction occurred 200 miles southwest of here.

Lieut Brittan said: "As far as I could learn the entire Carolines district and the country for 200 miles southwest of it were in a constant state of convulsion for three days. At the first shock myself and several other Americans and Englishmen sought places of safety on plateaus, but the shocks were so rapid and powerful that we expected every moment to be killed.

"An active volcano developed ten miles from us, and when I left it was pouring forth a stream of hot water as thick as a man's body. This column of water was thrown 50 feet in the air and is impregnated with sulphur and lava. Stones as big as a man's head are forced up with it. Smoke and fumes of sulphur make it difficult to breathe in the vicinity.

"At Ojo Don Pedro, a town in the vicinity, twenty people were killed and nearly every building destroyed. At Casa Owanda, southeast of there, 40 families were destroyed. The Mexicans are panic-stricken and have given up all ordinary pursuits. There are a number of other out-of-the-way mining towns in the vicinity that I fear are totally destroyed.

"The Mexicans are making no attempt to gather the details and the American miners are the only persons who are trying to get at the facts. From reports coming in it appears that the entire southwestern part of Sonora has been subjected to the severest shocks. Geysers and volcanoes are reported in all parts of the stricken territory."

IN A QUANDARY.

Canada Is Divided on the Tariff Question —Queer Proceeding.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 7.—Considerable interest is being manifested in the finance minister's budget speech, which will be delivered next Thursday. Deputations have been haunting the capitol for weeks past, and demands for tariff alterations have been more numerous this session than in any year since the adoption of the national policy in 1878.

The iron men disagree on the duty on iron, and as the general alteration on this duty would affect one-third of the whole tariff, the government finds it difficult to reconcile the claims of Nova Scotia to an increased duty on pig iron, with the demands of Toronto and Hamilton iron foundries who want Pennsylvania pig iron admitted free. Nova Scotia also desires an increase in the coal duty, and this Ontario resists.

Parliament has decided on the somewhat unusual step of ordering one of the returning officers in the recent elections to appear at the bar of the House to explain his conduct in returning as elected, for Queen's county, New Brunswick, the minority candidate on the ground that the majority deposit of the candidate who had the majority of votes had not been deposited by the candidate's agent. Hitherto the courts have dealt with matters pertaining to controverted elections.

JUST THE SAME IN AUSTRIA.

Alleged Mismanagment of the Largest Hospital in Vienna.

VIENNA, May 10.—[Special wire.]—Count Zichy writes in favor of Hungary entering the French exhibition as an expression of the thanks of the nation for the sense of liberty which originated in France and which has largely benefited Hungary.

In the Retchsrath yesterday Herr Pernerttorfer called attention to the management of the Allgemeines Kraukenhaus, the largest hospital in Vienna. He said that statements had been made, which appeared to be correct, that patients were given unwholesome and scanty food, and sometimes were kept for days without any food; that there was only one bath in the hospital, and that the nurses and attendants extorted money from patients and ill-treated those who were unable to pay. The government promised that an exhaustive inquiry would be made.

—Lost on the Amazon, is the title of the best book ever published, describing the adventures of two young men in the wilds bordering the great river, as they wandered eleven weeks knowing not where, having many encounters with savages and wild beasts and hair-breadth escapes. This book is 6x9 inches, contains 260 pages, beautifully bound, profusely illustrated. We will send this book to any address for $1. Address, Lorain Publishing Co., Lorain, O. Box 143.

STOCK EXCHANGE QUOTATIONS

Are Public Property, According to the Decision of Judge Dykman, of New York.

NEW YORK, May 10.—[Special wire.]—The decision of Judge Dykman in the suit of the Consolidated Exchange to compel the Commercial Telegraph company to furnish it with the quotations of the Stock Exchange, and to compel the Stock Exchange to furnish its quotations to the Commercial company, according to the agreement between them, is an important one in all its bearings, not only to the parties in interest, but to the entire public.

The Stock Exchange has always claimed to be a private institution. It has no public charter. It is formed like a club and its members are bound only by the by-laws they have made themselves. The Exchange is governed by a committee, to which is delegated absolute power, and which meets in secret. It legislates on matters affecting the financial world, but the public, it is held, is not entitled to any information about the meetings. The Exchange holds that the quotations made within its doors are its own absolutely.

Judge Dykman's decision just reverses this theory of the Stock Exchange. Instead of being a private institution he declares it to be a public institution. Speaking of the Stock Exchange, he says:

The quotations from the Stock Exchange furnish the standard of money and public and control of trust companies and savings institutions, institutions for trustees and executors and for private investors. The great paramount importance, therefore, of such sales seems to stamp them with a public interest and bring their physical morality often seems not far reunder the general power and dominion exercised by the legislatures and the courts over all public employments. Such was the doctrine enunciated in the Chicago warehouse cases, and such is the underlying principle of all modern legislation, both federal and state, for the regulation of trade and commerce, whether in the hands of public bodies or private persons.

If the New York Stock Exchange was a joint stock association, conducted precisely as it is now, the right of interference by the courts of the legislature for its regulation would be unquestionable. But the same power may be exercised for the regulation of the conduct of private citizens in the transaction of their business, or the use of their property whenever its exercise becomes necessary for the welfare of the public.

The nature and character of the business transacted at the Stock Exchange affect it with a public interest. It is of great concern to the public, and so becomes subject with interest thereto and it seems to be within the constitutional authority of the courts of equity in the silence of the legislative enactment to compel and enforce the publicity of the quotations in subordination to the interests of the public.

IT WAS A CLEAR SCHEME

To Beat the Inter-State Law, But it Failed to Work, and Will Make Trouble for its Projectors.

ST. LOUIS, May 10.—[Special wire.]—A case under the inter-state commerce bill will be brought against the Louisville, Evansville & St. Louis railway. The line contracted to take several hundred cars of corn from East St. Louis to seaboard points. Subsequent developments, it is charged, proved the through billing to have been made for the purpose of concealing the real point of delivery, which was Louisville.

The corn was purchased, it is alleged, for distilling purposes in Louisville, and the railroad engaged to deliver it at its destination at a less rate than the corn from East St. Louis to Atlantic coast points, stop in en route at Louisville, and deliver it to the owner at that point, taking only its own percentage of the through rate for the haul instead of the tariff to Louisville proper.

The Louisville rate is twelve cents a hundred, and the proportion of the through grain rate belonging to roads between Louisville and East St. Louis is eight cents. It is asserted that two charges will be filed against the traffic manager in the Federal court, one for false billing, which discriminated in favor of the owner of this particular lot of corn, and the other for lowering the rate from East St. Louis to Louisville for the benefit of certain individuals and then advancing it to the other tariff without giving public notice of such purpose, as required by the inter-state commerce law.

WILL HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL

When They Undertake to Report to England the Feeling Here Against Coercion.

ST. LOUIS, May 7.—[Special wire.]—Information comes from a reliable source in this city that six English detectives arrived here about two weeks ago and have since been busy ascertaining the character and extent of the Irish National organization. The story goes that the English authorities received information that extremists in the Irish organizations intended to give England a taste of their power during the queen's jubilee. Several "suspects" under surveillance in London were traced to this country and New York and Kansas City found to be their headquarters.

Four of the six detectives who have been at work in this city followed a man from New York to Kansas City, and the other two are alleged to have come by the way of Chicago, where they left other English agents at work. It is said that Kansas City contains a half-dozen men who are believed to have felonious designs against the British government. A part of the detective's work is to attend all anti-coercion and anti-English demonstrations and report the effect and influence of such meetings.

ALL OF WHICH HE ACCEPED

And Filed Away for Future Use—Inter-State Commissioner Schoonmaker Visited in Pittsburg and Given Plenty of Advice.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 7.—Judge Augustus Schoonmaker, of the Inter-state commerce commission, was in the city this morning en route to his home in New York. Judge Schoonmaker stated that the commission had concluded its work in the South last Thursday. While in Memphis the commission had taken 700 pages of testimony embracing all southern roads. The preponderance of this testimoney, he said, favored a continuation of the suspension of the "short haul" clause.

The members of the commission have all gone to their homes, but will meet again in Washington on the 16th inst. Commissioner Walker, of Vermont, is reported quite ill. Judge Schoonmaker said further that the complaints of the Pacific Coast people were not well founded; that fruit could be shipped to the East at rates as advantageous as before the passage of the inter-state commerce law.

While in the depot Judge Schoonmaker was surrounded by business men, who poured compliments into his ears and freely tendered advice.

IT WAS FUN AT FIRST

But the End Was Death—A Brutal Negro Murdered in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 10.—[Special wire.]—Scott Pearce, living near Corbett station, 22 miles from this city, stabbed and killed Edward Bond (colored) yesterday. The men with five others got caught in the rain and took refuge in a blacksmith shop while the proprietor was absent. While discussing their respective slugging abilities, Pearce and the darkey agreed to a set-to with bare knuckles.

At first the blows were light, but Bond suddenly let go his right and dealt Pearce a stinging blow in the face, which so angered him that he determined to be revenged. Bond, however, gave him but little opportunity for satisfaction, which further maddened Pearce. He stopped fighting, and seizing a hammer brought it down upon the negro's head. Bond fell to the ground covered with blood. Pearce made another attempt to strike Bond, but the latter, recovering himself, ran away.

He had not gone many yards before he again fell to the ground from loss of blood. Pearce followed and attempted to finish him, but one of his companions held his arm. Turning to the fellow, he threatened to kill him if he did not let go. The man, fearing for his own life, jumped aside, when Pearce turned him over on his back and stabbed him in the heart. Pearce has not been arrested.

A YEAR AT HARD LABOR

For Making an Incendiary Speech in Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 7.—Paul Groffkan, the anarchist who made incendiary speeches at Milwaukee Garden last May, was today sentenced to one year at hard labor in the House of Correction, by Judge Sloan. Groffkau will be held at the county jail for a week in order to allow his attorneys to appeal to the Supreme court for a new trial on a writ of error.

At the end of that time he will be taken to the House of Correction if the Supreme court does not grant a stay of proceedings. Mrs. A. R. Parsons, wife of the condemned Chicago anarchist, was present when Groffkau was sentenced. The court room was packed with spectators who manifested great interest in the case.

Texas Land—For full description and price list, apply to J. E. Elgin & Co., Waco, Texas.

HOW TO BE WELL.

What a Literary Athlete Says—Julian Hawthorne's Opinions and Suggestions.

You can improve your physical health and strength several hundred per cent. without ever touching a club or a dumbbell, or pulling a weight. In fact, gymnasiums often do harm, for two reasons: first, because of the confined air; secondly because those who attend them do not know what sort of work is best suited to them, and are apt to overdo the work they undertake, thereby distorting themselves and sapping their vitality, an ounce of which is worth a ton of "muscle" in the long run. Too much muscle will shorten your life; but vitality is life itself.

The stomach, the skin, and the lungs are the three essential things in a human being. So long as they are in perfect order, the finest professional gymnast can have little to teach you. To keep them in good condition, no gymnasium or gymnastic apparatus is required; still less any pepsine pills or sarsaparilla. You can do it all yourself, without altering your business or domestic habits, or putting yourself to any inconvenience. Quite the contrary. But it is extraordinary, the ingenuity some people show, when the choice is offered them between two things or courses, one healthy, the other unhealthy, but both equally available or easy—the diabolical certainty, I say, with which they fix upon that which is unhealthy. Whatever the metaphysical morals of the bulk of man and womankind may be, their ordinary. Take the stomach first. How many of our average citizens can lay their hands upon that noble organ and swear that a week (I might well say, a day) passes in which they do not overload it with pie, pickles and candy? And how many gallons of strong—even green—tea and not coffee per annum do they drench themselves with? As to mastication, regularity of meals, respect for the digestive processes, and so forth, I say nothing. After we have ceased to stuff ourselves with trash that has no more nourishment in it than sawdust, and is actively injurious into the bargain, we may begin to consider these more elevated subjects.

Never drink anything hotter than blood heat. Let your only condiments be salt and mustard in moderation; eat butter sparingly, and cheese not at all; for breakfast and supper have bread and milk, oatmeal and eggs; for dinner, fresh meat and vegetables, between half a pint of soup and a couple of spoonfuls of light pudding. As to drink, if you are thirsty, you can drink water; if the water is bad take mineral water. Every five or ten minutes stop and ask yourself whether you have or not had enough: and if you think you can get along with what you have eaten, do not take another mouthful. Never try to "tempt" your appetite; on the contrary, ask yourself whether you could, if necessary, make your meal on pure bread and water; and if the answer is in the negative, omit that meal and see how you feel at the next—but never eat between meals. If you ate only wholesome things, you could live and thrive on half the present bulk of your food. Starvation is the best cure for dyspepsia; pick-me-ups only keep it alive. After you have lived on reasonable food for a month or two, you will no longer be troubled with squeamish appetite. If any way practicable, you ought to have at least half an hour in the open air before sitting down to table; and at every meal wash your face and arms and chest in cool water. But I must leave the stomach here, with a hundred things still to be said about it.

Now for the skin. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred never think about their skin, though the health of all their internal organs depends upon its condition. It is no use washing your face and hands, and leaving the rest of your body untouched. It is little better to stand in front of a basin and spatter yourself from head to foot with water. You must cleanse every part of your skin thoroughly once a day. I am no advocate of discomfort in bathing—cold water in a cold room, and all such nonsense. Have the room warm, and the water only a few degrees cooler. Stay in the bath five minutes, keeping yourself either under water or pouring wet all the time. But it is after you leave the tub that the really important part of the bath begins. Dry yourself thoroughly with two towels; then take a stiff flesh brush, and with all your might to rub your skin off. A cocoanut-fibre brush is the best; and to get at your back, it is a good plan to have a cocoanut-fibre mat hung against the wall to rub yourself against. Keep up this friction for at least ten minutes. You could not invest the same amount of time more usefully. There is no such remedy for a feverish habit as this, nothing like it to relieve the internal organs from undue heat and congestion of blood, and to free the lungs from oppression. Moreover, it actually increases the size of the muscles, and makes them firmer, by causing the blood to circulate more freely in them. As to its effect upon the elasticity and beauty of the skin itself, that will be obvious enough at a glance. It is the brush, not the toilet bottle, that furnishes the only true bloom of youth. But the morning bath and rub-down alone are not sufficient. If, during the day, you get into a perspiration, do not allow the moisture to dry on your skin. Never come in from a walk or a horseback ride, or a row, and sit down as you are. Go to your room, take off everything, and use the brush. It may seem inconvenient at first, but when it is done you will rejoice, and soon it will become a matter of course to you. If your underclothing is damp, it is of course best to change it; but if the skin has been brushed red, you may venture to resume the same clothes with comparative impunity. This friction after exercise is of great importance; so much so, that it may be affirmed that three-fourths of the benefit of any exercise is lost without it. If you foresee that it will be impossible, after your exercise to take a rub-down, then it will often be better to choose the rub-down instead of the exercise.

Once a week—say on Sunday, when you have more time—you should take a bath of a more elaborate kind. Fill the tub with water as hot as you can bear it. Get in and stay there until you feel almost uncomfortably warm. Then stand up and take a big sponge or a pitcher full of cold water, and deluge yourself again and again from head to foot. This is delicious; there are few things that give so keen a sense of physical wholesomeness and vigor. Dry and rub down as usual, and you will imagine yourself ten years younger. The stimulus to the circulation is enormous. It is one of the best preventives against catching cold. It is an excellent substitute for the Turkish or hot-air bath, and takes only a quarter of the time. If you feel a headache coming on, it will often send it away. But be sure to have the hot water very hot, and apply the cold without stint.

As regards the lungs, the more fresh outdoor air you can get into them, the happier and more comfortable you will be. But it is not enough to go out in the open air; you must learn how to breathe when you get there. Most people let year after year go by without once drawing a full breath. A quantity of impure air always remains at the bottom of their lungs, like bilge water in a ship; and it contaminates the whole system. If you will breathe properly, you may get more benefit from half an hour in your back-yard than any other person will from a twelve-hours' dawdle at the seaside. It is a very simple matter; breathe slowly, and breathe in as much air as you can possibly get into your lungs. When they will hold no more, then emit your breath as deliberately as you took it in. Suppose you are walking at your usual pace along the street, draw in your breath while you are taking seven steps; emit it while you are taking the next seven, and so on. It will make you feel queer at first; but keep it up! After practicing this every time you go out, for a week or two, you will be able to breathe in while you are taking eight or ten steps; and later on, even more. Then note the effects. After walking for quarter of an hour, at a leisurely pace, on a winter's day, you will find yourself warm enough to do without an overcoat. In half an hour you will be in a glow down to the tips of your fingers; in an hour, you will feel as if your whole body had been vigorously exercised. And so it has. Take the measurement of your chest after a year of such practice, and you will find it has increased in girth a matter of three inches. And your eyes will be brighter, your skin fresher, your stomach stronger, your muscles firmer—because you will have thoroughly aerated and oxygenized your blood. And you will have acquired the habit not only of breathing slowly and deeply while you are out walking and exercising, but of breathing in that manner all the time. And if you are called upon suddenly to escape over a plowed field from a mad bull, you will find yourself able to do so without losing your breath—which might, in such a case be tantamount to losing your life as well. I need scarcely say that all the breathing must be done through the nose, with the mouth shut. That comes hard at first, but it is worth while taking a great deal of pains about.

Observe these rules for a year, and you will be twice the man or woman that you are now; and then you may begin to think about gymnastics.—*Home Knowledge.*

—The correct way is to buy goods from the manufacturer when possible. The Elkhart Carriage and Harness Co., of Elkhart, Indiana, have no agents. They make first-class goods, ship anywhere, privilege to examine. See advertisements.

SALT RHEUM.

My head and face were a solid mass of putrefaction and my ears discharged offensive matter in large quantities. I had almost despaired of getting well. J. N. Perry, Potter Brook, Pa., said that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy had cured him of

SCROFULA

and I resolved to try it. I had not used one bottle when I began to improve. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the greatest blood purifier I know of.—J. A. Parker, Sunderinville, Pa. Chas. F. Owen, Ironville, N. Y., says: "I suffered for a long time with Salt Rheum, which caused my flesh to swell and crack. I preferred death to life in this manner. I used Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and now have not the first symptom of the disease." Send 2 cent stamp to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Druggists, $1; 6 for $5.

Would Keep Him a Widower.

The suicide of Cornelius Griswold, the Boulder Valley ranchman, again brings into prominence a family that have before given rise to social sensations. Some years ago Mr. Griswold was bereaved of his first wife. A day or two before she died she induced some one to procure her a hatchet, for what purpose no one knew. This implement she secreted in the bed. Before dying she summoned her husband, who knelt at her bedside. Whilst in that attitude she bid him farewell and conjured him never to marry again. Suddenly she drew the hatchet from under the coverlet and struck the unsuspecting man a blow in one eye, destroying the organ of vision and disfiguring him for life, at the same time avowing her secret purpose to mar his appearance that no other woman would marry him. And that is how Griswold got his glass eye. The charm was impotent, however, for Griswold married a second time about a year ago.—*Helena Herald.*

BREWSTERS, N. Y., March 18, 1887.

H. W. JOHNS M'F'G. Co.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

Six years ago we built our house and painted it two coats, using the "Asbestos" Paint, and it looks better to-day than any house in town, that has been painted with other paints within the last two or three years.

MRS. L. H. ROBERTS.

☞ Samples and Descriptive Price-Lists free.

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage.

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will you buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

VII.

"I used to have the ear-ache terribly," I said; "I recall now the many nights when I have tossed and groaned in agony and I wondered why we must have ears made so that the cold could get into them. All sorts of things were done for me, but I do not recall them now. Perhaps you could throw a little light into my darkened memory."

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. Dent; "Mary suffers terribly sometimes that way, and I should like to know what to do for her."

"The best remedy is dry heat upon the outside," replied my friend. A hot water rubber bag laid back of the ear is good; so is hot salt in a flannel bag. A hot baked potato cut in two will keep its heat for some time. Sometimes when these things fail, it is well to steam the ear. Put boiling water into a tea pot, drop a little laudanum into it, and hold the spout as near to the ear as can be endured, covering the head and pot so as to confine the steam. Another good thing is the heart of a roasted onion with a little laudanum dropped upon it, then press it into the outer ear and tie it close with a handkerchief. And if these things do not bring quick relief, I give an anodyne to ease the pain and put the child to sleep."

"A great many people do not believe in anodynes," I said.

"Nor do I, only in exceptional cases," she answered. "This pouring them down children's throats every time they cry is indeed a sorry thing. But physicians in these days decide that any shock to the nerves, or strain, such as a serious accident, or great pain gives, can be only counteracted by perfect rest, and if it can be obtained in no other way, an anodyne should be given. It must, of course, always be used with judgment. But to go back to the remedies to be applied to the ear itself. If it is possible to avoid using fluids, it is best to do so unless there has been a discharge, which requires washing out, by syringing it with warm water. Sometimes rubbing back of the ear with hot laudanum, or with ammonia and water, will be beneficial. After an attack of the ear-ache, it is well to keep dry cotton in the cavity of the ear for at least a week."

"I think *possibly* I might manage a case of earache," I said, "but there is one thing which nearly frightens me to death, and I never know what to do. Just before I came here I was spending the day with a friend, and her little boy got terribly choked by a button. Fortunately her brother was a doctor and in the house, so she seized the child and ran to him at once. I don't know what he did, but the little fellow came out all right. People will get things in their throats, so I suppose it would be a good thing to know what to do."

"It is very dangerous emergency," my friend replied; "the more so because what is to be done must be done so quickly. There are two ways in which a person may be choked: The obstruction may lodge in the passage from the mouth to the stomach or in that to the lungs. The latter is much more distressing than the former and needs more heroic treatment, although both cause great suffering, and are relieved with difficulty. It is always easy to know when the substance has got into the air passages, because the face flushes, the voice is lost, and the breathing is short and labored."

"That is terrible," I exclaimed, my memory running back to one or two such cases which had frightened me terribly. I recalled, too, a distressing experience of my own.

"Strike the person choking rapidly and forcibly upon the back between the shoulder blades and along the backbone. If it was a child I should take it by the legs and hold it downward for an instant, striking it at the same time. If the substance lodges on the way to the stomach, drinking very cold liquids or something very hot will often dislodge it. If it did not, I should administer some warm salt and water to act as an emetic. Rubbing the body toward the stomach will sometimes give relief. In any case, the sooner a physician is called the better, for the consequences may prove quickly fatal. I often wonder why there are not more deaths resulting from choking, for mothers are so careless about leaving little things within reach of their children, and, indeed, often give them a box or bag of buttons to play with, and one of the very first things they always do is to put whatever they can get hold of into their mouths. Grown people, too, will play the same foolish trick with pins. I have seen women who were sitting sewing—I should not wonder if you do it yourselves, when for any reason you desire to have a pin handy—put pin after pin in their mouths, running no small risk in so doing."

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Dent. "You know you have them there, and also know the consequences of swallowing them, while children don't."

"Yes, but no one expects to swallow them, and yet some sudden fright, a laugh, a quick drawing in of the breath may send them downward. It is a good deal better to run no such risks, but leave the pins in the cushion and take them from there when needed."

"There is one accident that sometimes happen to people," I said, "that seems very funny to those who do not stop to think how unpleasant it is to the sufferer. I don't suppose it really hurts people very much, but it makes them look utterly imbecile, as if they never had a ghost of an idea in their craniums. I mean when the jaw slips out of place and will not go back again. I never saw but one person in that sort of a predicament, but I have heard that it frequently happens."

"I never have chanced to be where it occurred," replied my friend, "but I can read to you what a good physician said should be done under such circumstances," and going to the bookcase she took down a small volume and read as follows:

"The patient should be seated in a high-backed chair, or against a wall, in such a manner that his head may lean against the back of the chair or the wall. The operator should wrap a couple of napkins around his thumbs, one in each, and when by this means they are well protected, he should place them as far back along the jaw inside the mouth as he can reach. He should then press with his thumbs downwards and backwards, and at the same time raise the chin with his fingers. The bone will return to its place with a snap. The advantage of having wrapped the thumbs well round with the napkins will then be experienced, for the teeth come together ver sharply, and were they not well protected, bites of a severe character might be suffered. Another method for the reduction of these dislocations is to place a couple of corks between the back teeth, raising the chin, and making the corks act as a fulcrum between the jaws."

"That all seems plain enough," I said. "I think I might manage that. But I was just thinking how many ills flesh is heir to, and beside those handed down, how constantly human beings are provoking others, even when they seem to be pursuing the even tenor of their ways, with no thought of danger. One thing is certain: If we want to go through life comfortably, and be helpful to those around us, it is necessary to case ourselves, as you have done, in an armor of good common sense, set off with an intelligent understanding of possible mischances and the best way to meet them."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

To be continued.

Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

To Form a Fan.—Sew it on the pasteboard; then baste the plush on, and line this piece with sateen the color of the plush. The back is cut the same shape, only two inches narrower, and straight across when the point is on the front; cover it on both sides with sateen and overhand the back and front together at the sides. A bow of satin ribbon is sewed on the front; a few flowers are painted on the sides. Cord the color of the satin is sewed on it to hang it by.

Something Useful for Taking a "Stitch in Time."—To make one, you will need ⅜ of a yard of 3½ inch width ribbon. Cut it in 2, hem each piece on one end with ¼ of an inch hem, and the other with a hem ⅜ of an inch deep; stitch a place in this hem to run a cord through. Have "a stitch in time saves nine" stamped on one piece of the ribbon, and embroider the letter in stem stitch with silk several shades darker than the ribbon. Make a little sheath for the scissors and sew it on. Overhand the two pieces of ribbon together on one side and the other, with the exception of the middle section; this is left open to slip a needle case in, which is made of a piece of cardboard folded together and cut to fit the place designed for it; cover this on both sides with silk or satin folded together, with a couple of leaves of flannel sewed between it; a tiny bow is sewed on it to draw it out by. A silk cord is run through the top of the bag to shirr it together; this is intended to hold buttons, wax, and thimble. The hems on the bottom have a bit of whalebone run in them, which must be securely fastened on the ends. A spool of white cotton and black silk are to be kept in this; the thread is to be pulled out between the whalebones. The pockets are divided with a strip of narrow velvet caught down with yellow silk.

An Effective Sofa Ornament.—A very effective ornamentation for a small sofa is made by taking a strip of satin plush, or velvet about five inches wide, and nearly the length of the sofa itself; on this embroider a vine in some distinct and quite open work pattern. When this is done put a narrow strip of similar material, but of a different color, around it as a plain border. Line it with stiff cloth, and apply it to the sofa with unseen and immovable pins. It should not be placed in the center of the seat, but be drawn forward so that it is just above the puff in the back of the cushion which finishes the sofa cushion.

Ornamenting D'Oyleys.—Now that indelible ink is to be had in many different colors, very charming effects may be produced by its use. Linen d'oyleys, scarfs, cushion covers, and, indeed, all articles suitable for painting, may have colored designs which have the beauty of water colors, with the additional advantage that when the things become soiled they may be cleansed.

Draperies.—Some very fine applique is doing. You get your groundwork of silk, plush or your and sew on any design you like that you please. In that way you get a variety of embellishments that is impossible in the foreign tapestries, in which the stiff old designs are repeated over and over again. Rugs are also much used as draperies. They make a rich and odd effect. The Japanese craze has not yet wholly died out, Japanese designs are much used in hangings, with chintz or other material of no great cost as a background.

Sachets.—Ribbon work has grown greatly in favor, and in execution much that is seen now equals the best of the imported old examples which first introduced it to us. A novel use of ribbon work is in cylindrical sachets, in the shape of diminutive rolling-pins, with the fringed out edges tied up with ribbon instead of handles. They have floral designs, and often some sentiment embroidered in French. They are filled with cotton and perfumes, and are intended to lie on a table and send forth their aroma with the warming of the room.

Feather Work—The most beautiful ornaments can be made of feathers. The handscreen is a favorite feather ornament. To make a pleasing handscreen of feathers, material, cut it in the desired shape, select your pattern for the feathers, cover the surface of the board with gum, then arrange the feathers upon a piece of stiff buckram, and then glue the hole to the card-board. The pattern may follow almost any device of taste or fancy. Always work from the outer edge to the center, and let the feathers decrease in size as they approach the center. The edge may be peacock's eye feathers but the center ought to be composed of the most delicate possible material. When the screen is nearly covered towards the lower edge, attach the handles. A screen for a table, seen in a room, and if we have failed in both, we have lost nothing by the effort; only do not give over to discouragements; but endeavor to smile at the next gale that sweeps along, and thus by persistent endeavor we will find ourselves acquiring that lovely accomplishment which will make ourselves happy and all those around us. Those whose women of quick tempers, weak nerves, and multiplying household duties, you will find it hard, unmistakably hard, to always speak gently, and wear a smiling countenance. But if you deem your temper, and your health worth more than your household labors, as you certainly do, lay your work aside, and read a chapter, a meter, and around it is arranged a variety of plumery or down. The back of the fan may be down or silk, a gilt handle is in good taste. A few words about feather flowers, tulips, crocuses, carnations and like flowers, will look most natural. The rules are to take two natural flowers, pull one to pieces, cut out their forms of the petals in thin paper, and then cut the feathers in like manner. Goose feathers are the best. The flowers are attached to wire wound with green silk. Buds are formed of cotton wool, and leaves are made of green feathers.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s slip stitch; m, make; o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c l st, crossed treble stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Handsome Diamond Lace.—Cast on 17 stitches. 1st row—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 1; 2d row—k 11—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 3d row—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1—c—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 4th row—k 12—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 5th row—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 6th row—k 13—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 7th row—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 8th row—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 10th row—k 15—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1; 11th row—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 14; 12th row—bind off 5—k—9—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1. Commence with 1st row. I entreat all the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD to try this pattern, as it is extremely pretty, and may be made very wide or very narrow, according to the number of stitches used, as you will see after knitting a pattern.

Narrow Lace.—Cast on 11 stitches. 1st row—k 4—t o 2—k 2 tog—t o 2—k 2 tog—t o 2—k 2 tog—k 1; 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4; 3d row—k plain; 4th row—k plain; 5th row—k plain; 6th row—bind off 3—k 10. Use fine needles and No. 40 thread.

Correspondence.

MORE ABOUT BABIES.—Babies need pure air. No smoke from fire or lamps should come near them. They cannot thrive in a close, darkened room, and they should not lie or sit long in one position. I saw a mother who kept her little boy, that could just sit alone, sitting hour after hour on the floor in the same position. He could not crawl to rest himself. How he must have ached from head to foot. And if he whimpered he was given a rattle box, or something of the kind, and still not taken up and rested until everything else was done, and she wished to bathe him. She was a woman of a good degree of intelligence, too, and she had a fair education, but she had not learned how properly care for babies. How long do you think that you would be willing to sit, or lie, in the same spot, utterly unable to help yourselves in any way? The fashion, which some woman have, of tying the baby in its little chair, is absurd, and cannot be too strongly condemned. Sometimes they slip down with the little dimpled neck on the cord by which they are bound, and death by strangulation is the result. I have heard of cases of the kind. Babies should not be left alone, they should be watched and tended. A little over four years since I was at the house of a woman who is a physician, and whilst she was preparing some medicine for a little child, I told her of my thankfulness that women were informing themselves in regard to matters pertaining to health and the treatment of the sick; that there was some one to prescribe for the babies, as I thought that many of the male practitioners were either very ignorant or very careless in regard to the diseases of children. She replied, "It's nothing but a baby." Yes, it's nothing but a helpless baby; and many regard the death of such as a matter of slight moment. Yet all are not careless, and all are not culpably ignorant. The noted Dr. Flower is a staunch friend of the little ones. * * * I read in the *Ladies' Journal* for December an article under the heading, "How to Kill the Baby," over the signature of Georgia A. Beck, that is such an accurate description of the way that it is done, of the methods so often pursued, that I shall copy the most of the communication, if not all.

How to Kill the Baby.—"The most casual observer must admit this subject to be one of vital importance to the family, social and political circles. It is usually viewed from the negative side, but since perverse humanity advised 'How Not to Do It,' is prone to adopt opposite measures, we approach the subject from the front. Presupposing the little scion to have struck root as a separate existence, it becomes an absorbing question how the giants in the land shall root him out—in plainer terms, How Shall We Kill the Baby? A large and increasing force of nurses—made, not born—are early in the field, capable of out-Heroding Herod in the slaughter of the innocents. Select one who has never borne a child, or, who having thus enriched the world, has voluntarily passed the treasure into other's keeping; let her be hard visaged, angular, ever stamped with unmistakable lines of selfishness, (see upper lips and lines about the corners of the mouth) a good sleeper, with a penchant for small talking; let her dieted to potations of doubtful flavored tonics, or doses of compressed poppy juice, the end will be more readily obtained. This ideal secured, the climax is measurably certain. Never try to tell her anything. She knows it already. Give her full sway, day and night. Allow her a room by herself with the child. You will sleep better; so will she; so will the baby. Do not disturb the serenity of the the morning interview by inquiring how she kept the child so still; neither examine the labels on her bandbox bottles. She knows her business best. To be thoroughly sure of the desired end, you would better bring up the baby by hand; but should you hazard success by personally furnishing the elixir of life, the following rules will go far towards setting all right. During the two or three days when nature ignorantly ordains that the supply shall be limited, let 'Sairey' rise and shine. It is hers to show how grave the error of delay. She must feed the baby by all means; but the first physician hina. A dose or two of sweet, or castor oil, is precisely what is demanded to adjust the delicate mechanism of his digestive apparatus. If it gives him colic, dose him. Get some prepared food. Try three or four kinds—you want the best.

Alternate between them and Nature's supply. Try whey. It shows on the very face of things that it will be appetizing and nutritious. If you try cow's milk, serve it mostly water. There is nothing like a liberal diet of water to build up the system. If Sairey chances to be a night-worker—and there are some exceedingly valuable baby-killers in the ranks of night-workers—see that she feeds the baby often, but do not oblige her to warm the milk. Let her hold the bottle over a Rochester lamp. It will warm the bottle. Here the preparation well sweetened, and put in a generous supply of anise. It is a carminative, and you may safely assume that it will find scope for its virtues. If the baby chances to be comfortable put it in on general principles. Something may all it present, and it is prudent to send the nurse early in advance. The baby will enjoy it. The heated, drawn, puckery sensation which it will impart to the delicate membranes will be grateful in the extreme. Besides, it will make him sleepy. Persevere in feeding to the point of repletion, unless the little stomach rejects a portion of its bulk, and the presumption is safe that none is underfed. Said rejection is, moreover, a sign of a healthy baby. Do not inquire why we adopt a different standard of sanitary judgment with his elders."—MOSS ROSE, Science Hill, Ky.

GOOD TEMPER.—If there is a gem in all the world that is needed in every home, one that is most precious, and most dear, it is good temper, or self control, which are one and the same; for without the latter we cannot obtain the former. Yet if we all have as strong tempers as the writer of this, we cannot agree with the poet who says, "There's not a cheaper thing on earth," for it costs more than most of us care to pay, and the price is untiring watchfulness, persistent effort, and many failing hopefulness; but it is worth the price, and more—it brings you rich reward, it meets you with a smile all the day long, it is sunshine on a clouded life, it drives away all bitter strife and discord, it is a jewel for both poverty and wealth, in a word, it is the angel of our home. But to the general disposition, good temper is not acquired in a day; and often when we think it is acquired, we find it to be the child of an hour, and the first blast that strikes us—in the must be storms of life—brings the clouded brow, or the angry word; but better the clouded brow than the angry word, and if we have succeeded in keeping back the word, the trial has not been in vain

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

BATS.—Will the editor or some one give a preventive or cure for bots in horses?—M. R., H., South Branch, W. Va. [The bat fly, or gad fly, attacks horses late in the summer, not to suck blood, but to deposit its eggs on the hair of the horse at places he can easily lick. These eggs cling to the tongue and gradually work downward developing into bats in the stomach. At times when the flies appear, the skin of the horse should be carefully scanned once a day, and if the eggs are found on the animal, they should be washed off with hot water and baking soda. Another way is to clip the hair off where the gad fly may deposit its eggs, and smear the parts with turpentine ointment. To remove bots when in the intestines, give this on an empty stomach: Powdered aloes, ¾ oz; powdered asafoetida, ½ oz. Mix in hot water, and when cold add oil of turpentine 1 oz.; sulphuric ether, 1 oz. Give in gruel and linsed tea as a drench. In India, a favorite bot medicine is alum in ½ pound doses, given in water, tasting before breakfast, followed by a pint of castor oil at night, unless the alum itself has purged. Bots remain in the horse until spring, when they pass from the horse by the firmament, assuming again the form of a crysalis, to reproduce the parent fly.—ED.

THOROUGHBRED—BLOOD HORSES—Please explain a thoroughbred horse? What is called a blooded horse?—F. ROGEN, Iowa.—A blooded or blood horse, is a horse whose blood or lineage is derived from the purest and most highly prized origin or stock. As to thoroughbred, it is following out definitions as well as questions relating to breeds, from the *Rural New Yorker*, will give you a satisfactory answer: "Thoroughbred," strictly speaking, is a term that designates the English race-horse and his descendants in this and other lands, and in this sense it has been commonly used as the name of the breed, just as Clydesdale and Norman designate breeds of draft horses. In this country, however, the term is frequently applied to cattle, sheep, swine and occasionally even to other breeds of horses in the sense of pure-bred.

"Pure-bred" and "full blood," according to the definition of the American association of Short-horn Breeders, indicate animals of a distinct, well-defined breed without any admixture of other blood. The same authority also adopted the following definitions, which coincide with the general signification of the terms, although writers in the public press not infrequently misapply the words. "Cross-bred" animals, strictly speaking, are those produced by breeding together distinct breeds, such as the Ayrshire and the Jersey; but the terms crossing, making a cross, out-breeding and cross-breeding are often used to indicate the blending of the different families of the same breed. "Grades" are the produce of a cross between a "pure-bred" and a "native," such as a Short-horn and a Texan, a Holstein and an ordinary cow or bull.

"Native" cattle are animals of mixed blood without any fixed character, constituting the vast majority of the herds throughout the country.

"High grade" refers to an animal of mixed blood in which the blood of the pure bred largely predominates. Thus if the offspring of a grade Hereford is again crossed by a pure-bred Hereford, and the same practice is followed by a couple or more generations, the progeny will be "high-grades." Close breeding is the coupling of animals that are closely related; while in-and-in breeeing implies the closest possible relationship in the animals bred together.

High-breeding is sometimes used in the sense of close breeding; but properly it means a careful selection of breeding stock with reference to a particular standard and within the limits of a particular family, regardless of relationship. Breeding-in-the-line means the selection of males from a particular family, without reference to the relationship or uniformity of the selected animals.

In speaking of the parentage of animals the term "got by" or simply "by" refers to the sire and "out of" to the dam.

In breeding, the parent that seems to exercise the greatest influence upon the character of the offspring is said to be prepotent. Animals that have been bred for a dominant characteristics of all the immediate ancestors are the same, their prepotency, or power of transmitting their characteristics, is greater than that of "native" animals. The more closely in bred a family, the stronger, it is found, is the prepotency of its members, and in some cases in-and-in breeding has been limited to families set apart to produce breeding sires, for as the male is practically half the herd for breeding purposes, it is especially desirable that he should be able to transmit his excellencies in a pre-eminent manner.

EVERGREENS.—Will you tell me how to raise evergreens (Norway spruce) from the seeds? What time to plant?—G. G. C., Steamburg, Pa. [D. M. Ferry & Co.'s catalogue gives the mode of raising as follows: The seeds of evergreen trees should be kept till time of sowing in a dry, cool situation. As early in spring as the ground can be worked, the seeds should be sown thinly in beds of fine, sandy loam, raised about four inches above the general surface. The seeds can be raked in, or if very small, they may lie upon the surface and then be rolled in or patted with the back of the spade to firm the earth around the seeds. Water very sparingly, and with a fine hose, as the young plants are very apt to damp off, and need to be shaded from the hot sun and drying winds. A good shade can be made of laths nailed two inches apart to a light frame. This should be supported about eight inches above the seed-bed in such a way as to be easily removed to allow cultivation and weeding. Keep the young plants well weeded, and allow them to remain one or two years before transplanting where they are to remain. Norway Spruce (*Abies excelsa.*)—Well known as one of the most beautiful evergreen trees. It is hardy, of rapid growth, and forms a dense close screen, or hedge. About 20,000 seeds to the pound.

DO NOT BEAR.—My Green Gage plum tree bore wonderfully for two years, since which time it has had but few plums on. It has now been five years since they bore.—E. E. DONER, Juniata county, Pa. [The reason your plum tree does not bear is that you allowed it to overbear. Only one plum to three inches of the shoots should be allowed on young bearing trees, and but one plum on each spur. A plum tree, properly treated, should bear about 20 years.—ED.]

STRINGHALT.—Will you or some reader of the BLADE please tell me what is good to cure stringhalt in horse? Can it be cured if attended to on the start?—O. H. STAFFORD, Steward county, Kan. [At times, when stringhalt is first discovered, by giving two doses of jimson seed the first week and one dose a week for three weeks afterward, and rubbing the hips at the juncture of the spine, and to the back part of the foot daily for a month with any good liniment, relief may be had, but a cure is very rare. When stringhalt is confirmed there is no cure. A dose of jimson seed is a tablespoonful. To be had of any druggist.—ED.]

More About Dehorning.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—At your request I state that I tied the oldest cow I had, and not having stanchions threw her and cut her horns off right down to the hair. She did not bleed two tablespoonfuls to the born, and made more fuss about being thrown than the cutting. I took the rope off and drove her out. My 2-year-old heifer looked awhile in astonishment, and then took after her. She shook her head in a threatening manner, but before she got to her, turned and left. With that the other cows and heifers followed her all over a 50-acre field. She came up with the cows and gave her usual amount of milk. A week afterward I tackled my bull. I had a hard fight to tie him, and we got warm and bled freely, but went to his feed as soon as released, and came up that night with the cows all right. Last night a valuable Durham who always stood in mortal fear of the old cow, came out of the stable door in her face without fear. The rest of the horns will follow in regular order as soon as the cows calve.—D. L. B., Kansas.

Work On Sunday.

It is a sad fact that Sunday work among market gardeners and farmers generally, near the large cities, is increasing. In our neighborhood twenty years ago, Sunday was a day for rest. Now, during the summer, every Sunday, men are to be seen at work in the fields making up loads of vegetables, the same as upon week days. By 4 o'clock in the afternoon loaded wagons begin to pass towards the city, and this procession is kept up for the rest of the night. In some localities this work is so general that worshippers in churches along the roads are greatly disturbed. This practice was begun by men who have apparently no ambition in life but to beat their neighbors, and to make a few extra dollars. Such men look upon a Sunday spent as it should be, in rest, prayer and devotion, as so much time wasted. It is useless to expect much else from such men. The only way to reach them would be to bring back the strict old laws of the Puritans. The worst of it is that their influence is all for the bad. Younger men will be, in turn, brought up in Sunday schools and under good influences are led into Sunday work. Competition is so close, and the gardeners' business is so precarious, that such men are sorely tempted, whenever they see their neighbor saving a lot of melons or tomatoes by Sunday work, to follow the bad example. The practice is wrong from every point of view. The moral loss which comes to any community by the spread of such practices cannot be estimated. The evil results are as certain as they can be. One lapse of integrity, or one compromise with conscience always paves the way for another. And, aside from any moral considerations, we believe that Sunday work entails a loss in labor. Every working animal upon the farm needs rest. For a few weeks men may be able to stand the strain of constant labor, day and night but sooner or later they break down and are forced to resort to the use of stimulants and thus severely injure their constitutions. Sunday work, done simply to save a few dollars, never will pay. It must eventually bring a curse to those who perform it. There are always lines of farm work, as the care of stock, that render a certain amount of Sunday work a necessity, but there is no excuse for the work done simply to get ahead of a neighbor.

Grapes on Trees.

A vine will make twice the growth in a tree that it will on a trellis, and where an effort is made to have it occupy both, it is always found that its main energies are expended in the tree. A newly planted vine should have brush instead of a stake, as it has no means of clinging to the latter. If the tendrils can find nothing to take hold of, they continue in motion for a time reaching in all directions, and this is exactly what is desirable. For this reason skilful gardeners often cut off the tendrils. "When growing vines on stakes, I have often driven lath nails in convenient places for the accommodation of the tendrils," says Mr. Crawford.

Although grapes do well on trees without much care, let no one suppose that he can accomplish anything by planting vines at the roots of established trees. The soil being pre-occupied, the vine will not have a fair chance. Plant it at a distance from the tree to be covered, and after it has made some growth, it may be brought to the branches, where it will take care of itself. In nearly every farm there are worthless trees that might be made to carry bushels of grapes.

We copy the above paragraph, with its useful suggestions, from the *Western Rural*, as an additional testimonial of the ease with which a full home supply of this fruit may be produced on almost any country or village lot.

We would not advise to train a grape vine into the top of a tree from which you expect to gather choice fruit, especially apples, pears, plums or peaches. But any useless, unsightly tree, which bears only inferior fruit or none, may be utilized for this purpose, and the vine be thoroughly, to admit a free circulation of air, for the far-reaching arms of the vine; and plenty of good grapes will be the result.—*Orchard and Farm.*

Russian Sunflower.

We have had no experience in growing the Russian sunflower except in a small way. It seems to grow as well, and to perfect its seeds quite as well, as on its native steppes in Russia, where it is extensively grown for fuel, stock and oil. We have ridden for days over the steppes of Central Russia where we were never out of sight of a field of sunflowers. In the neighborhoods where it is most extensively grown are located oil mills, the products of which, when they reach us, are labeled "pure olive oil." If the stoves are properly made, the hard, woody stems make a hot and desirable fire. In sections where coal or wood must be hauled long distances, fires can be kept up with sunflower stalks at less than the expense of hauling the more expensive fuel. As to the value of the seeds for stock feeding we only know that horses soon learn to eat it greedily, and it is claimed that it gives a glossiness of hair, and a capacity to endure long and hard drives not equaled by other grains. We may add that the seeds are eaten universally by the Russian peasants, and the habit is extending to all classes, as it is claimed that they add to the health and capacity of endurance of man as well as beast. In a small way, the merits claimed in Eastern Europe for the humble sunflower can be cheaply tested on the great northwestern prairies.—*Prof. J. L. Budd, in Iowa State Register.*

Spraying Apple Trees.

This operation for protecting the fruit from the attacks of the codling worm will be extensively practiced during the present season, and it is very important that it be done right so as to effect the desired purpose, and to prevent all risk of harm from the poison. Among the careful experiments which have been tried in past and previous seasons, the most valuable advice has been derived, are those of Prof. S. A. Forbes, of Illinois. Among the essential results which he reports and which accord with the practice of the best orchardists, are that the results of once or twice spraying with Paris green, before the young apples have drooped upon their stems, have resulted in a saving of about 75 per cent. of the apples exposed to injury by this insect. It is not only important that the work should be done early in order that it may be effective, but Prof. Forbes wisely emphasizes especially the point that spraying after the apples have begun hanging downward is unquestionably dangerous, and should not be permitted under any circumstances, if the fruit is afterwards to be used. It may be well to add that he finds Paris green better than white arsenic on several accounts.

The indefinite directions which have been given in past years prescribe that the spraying should be done as soon as the young fruit is as large as cherries, and some have advised the performance of the operation when they are the size of peas. The latter would be safe—the former uncertain. After the fruit has begun to hang downward, so that the rain will not wash the poison from the blossom end where the codling egg has been deposited Prof. Forbes has found, by chemical examination, that violent rains have not washed away entirely the poison from that sheltered cavity. If the poison has not entered it when administered late, it would do no harm, and no good.

Further remarks that from the summary of the assessors' reports, the value of the average annual apple crop of Illinois for five years was about $4,750,000. He is satisfied that 50 per cent. of the apple crop of the state is sacrificed each year to the codling moth, and that but for this insect the orchards would yield twice their present income.

Doubtless the loss in the crop of the state of New York is still greater, and when all the other states is added in, the whole amount will obviously reach many millions. The importance of a general use of the most efficient remedy becomes evident. We have given, on former occasions, detailed directions for preparing the spraying liquid, and for applying it effectively to the trees.—*Country Gentleman.*

Cholera and Lice.

In a majority of cases the so-called wholesale destruction of flocks from cholera is not cholera at all but the work of lice. On some farms, where the hens hide away at night here and there, for want of some kind of suitable shelter, the trees, woodpile, sheds and under the barns will be swarming with lice, and dead hens may be found every morning, being literally eaten alive by vermin. In this case, the cause being attributed to cholera, or some disease, simply because the owner can not comprehend how lice can be so destructive. On such farms there may also be found an apology for a hen-house, the floor of which will be covered for a foot or more with droppings, being the accumulation of years, but which house will be found useless, as the hens will prefer exposure to all kinds of weather rather than venture in the pest hole filled with lice and called a poultry house. Such farmers wonder how it is that they get no eggs, and by and by ascribe their failure to "there being no money in chickens," when the fact is that if they were as negligent of their horses, cows, sheep, or hogs, as they are of their hens, they would go into bankruptcy the first year. Before undertaking to cure cholera examine for lice, as in many instances the lice are at the root of all the difficulties.

The Hartford Will Be Repaired.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—Sec. Whitney has decided to order the repair of the United States steamship Hartford now at Mare Island, Cal. After an examination of the debates in the last Congress that the $200,000 appropriated for the repair of wooden vessels is applicable to the Hartford, and as the repairs on the vessel will not exceed 20 per cent. of the value of the ship, the report of the board of survey has been approved. The California delegation, which has been here for a week working to secure the order for the repairs, has returned to the West in good spirits over the result of their labors.

Germany Taxes Brandy.

BERLIN, May 7.—A bill has been introduced in the Reichstag fixing the future duty on imported brandy. It places the tax on all brandy imported from countries outside the Sollverein after October next at 150 marks per 100 kilos, and enacts that, after April 1, 1888, there shall be collected, in the form of a supplemental tax, a consumption tax of 60 perfennigs per litre of alcohol on all brandy already on the market.

DR. TALMADGE ON OUR READING.

Some Novels are Good, but Nearly All are Bad—Books Which Should be Let Alone—A Chance for the Publishers of America to Build a Big Bonfire.

BROOKLYN, May 1.—At the Tabernacle this morning, the pastor, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge took for his text, Acts xix. 19: "Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver."

Paul had been stirring up Ephesus with some lively sermons about the sins of that place. Among the more important results was the fact that the citizens brought out their bad books, and in a public place made a bonfire of them. I see the people coming out with their arms full of Ephesain literature, and tossing it into the flames. I see an economist standing by and saying: "Stop this waste. Here are $7,500 worth of books. Do you propose to burn them up? If you don't want to read them yourselves, sell them, and let somebody else read them." "No," said the people; "if these books are not good for us, they are not good for anybody else, and we shall stand and watch until the last leaf has turned to ashes. They have done us a world of harm, and they shall never do others harm." Hear the flames crackle and roar!

Well, my friends, one of the wants of the cities of this country is a great bonfire of bad books and newspapers. We have enough fuel to make a blaze 200 feet high. Many of the publishing houses would do well to throw into the flame their entire stock of goods. Bring forth the insufferable trash, and put it into the fire, and let it be known, in the presence of God and angels and men, that you are going to rid your homes of the overtopping and underlying curse of profligate literature.

The printing press is the mightiest agency on earth for good and for evil. The minister of the gospel, standing in a pulpit, has a responsible position; but I do not think it is as responsible as the position of an editor or a publisher. At what distant point of time, at what far out cycle of eternity, will cease the influence of a Henry J. Raymond, or a Horace Greely, or a James Gordon Bennett, or a Watson Webb, or an Erastus Brooks, or a Thomas Kinsella? Take the simple statistic that our New York dailies now have a circulation of 850,000 per day, and add to it the fact that three of our weekly periodicals have an aggregate circulation of about one million, and then see, if you can, how far up, and how far down, and how far out reach the influences of the American press. Great God, what is to be the issue of all this? I believe the Lord intends the printing press to be the chief means for the world's rescue and evangelization, and I think that the great last battle of the world will be fought with the swords and guns, but with type and presses—a purified and gospel literature triumphing over, trampling down and crushing out forever that which is depraved. The only way to overcome unclean literature is by scattering abroad that which is healthful. May God speed the cylinder of the honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing press.

I have to tell you this morning that the greatest blessing that ever came to this nation is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge has been that of unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums, and penitentiaries, and almshouses, and dens of shame. The bodies of this infection lie in the hospitals and in the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into a lost eternity, an avalanche of horror and despair.

The London plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but this modern pest has already shoveled its millions into the charnel-house of the morally dead. The longest rail-train that ever ran over the Erie or Hudson tracks was not long enough or large enough to carry the hellishness of this corruption which have been gathered up in bad books and newspapers of this land in the last twenty years.

Now, it is amid such circumstances that I put, this morning, a question of overmastering importance to you and your families. What books and newspapers shall we read? You see, I group them together. A newspaper is only a book in a swifter and more portable shape, and the same rules which will apply to book reading will apply to newspaper reading. What shall we read? Shall our minds be the receptacle for everything that an author has a mind to write? Shall there be no distinction between the tree of life and the tree of death? Shall we stoop down and drink out of the trough which the wickedness of men has filled with pollution and shame? Shall we mire in impurity and chase fantastic will-o'-the-wisps across the swamps, when we might walk in the highroads of holiness of God? For the sake of our present and everlasting welfare we must make an intelligent and Christian choice. Standing, as we do, chin deep in fictitious literature, the first question that many of the young people are asking me is: "Shall we read novels?" I reply: "There are novels that are pure, good, Christian, and that have the influence and ennobling to the life. But I have still further to say that ninety-nine out of the one hundred novels in this day are baleful and destructive to the last degree. A pure work of fiction is history and poetry combined. It is a history of things around us with the licenses and the assumed names of poetry. The world could not pay the debt which it owes to such fictitious writers as Hawthorne and McKenzie, and Landon, and Hunt, and Arthur, and Marion Harland, and others, whose names are familiar to all. The follies of high life were never better exposed than by Miss Mulock, and never has there been a past were never more faithfully embalmed than in the writings of Walter Scott. Cooper's novels are healthfully redolent with the breath of the seaweed and the air of the American forest. Charles Kingsley has smitten the morbidity of the world, and led it captive. Many other authors are books of sound health, strong muscles and fresh air. Thackeray did a grand work in caricaturing the pretenders to gentility and high blood, Dickens has built his own monument in his books, which are an everlasting plea for the poor, and the anathems of injustice. Now, I say, books like these, read at right times, and in the right proportion with other books, cannot help but be ennobling and purifying; but alas for the loathsome and impure literature that has come upon this country in the shape of novels, like a freshet overflowing all the banks of decency and common sense! They are coming from some of the most celebrated publishing houses of the country. They are coming with recommendations of some of our religious newspapers. They are upon every center table to curse your children, and blast with their infernal fires generations unborn. You find these books in the desk of the school miss, in the trunk of the young man, in the steamboat cabin, on the table of the hotel reception room. You see a light in your child's room late at night. You suddenly go in and say: "What are you doing?" You look at the book; it is a bad book. "Where did you get it?" "I borrowed it." Alas, there are always those abroad who would like to loan your son or daughter a bad book! Everywhere, everywhere an unclean literature. I charge upon it the destruction of 1,000 immortal souls, and I bid you this morning walk in to the magnitude of the theme. I shall take all the world's literature—good novels and bad; travels, true and false; histories, faithful and incorrect; legends, beautiful and monstrous, all tracts, all chronicles, all epilogues, all family, city, state, and national libraries—and pile them up in a pyramid of literature, and then I shall bring to bear upon it some grand, glorious, infallible, unmistakable Christian principles. God help me to speak with reference to my last account, and God help you to listen.

I charge you, in the first place, to stand aloof from all books that give false pictures of human life. Life is neither a tragedy nor a farce. Men are not all either knaves or heroes. Women are neither angels nor furies. And yet, if you depended upon much of the literature of the day, you would get the idea that life, instead of being something earnest, something practical, is a fitful and fantastic and always extravagant thing. How poorly prepared are that young man and woman for the duties of to-day who spent last night wading through brilliant passages descriptive of magnificent knavery and wickedness! The man will be looking all day long for his heroine, and the only draws his victim in the factory, in the counting-room, and he will not find her, and he will be dissatisfied. A man who gives himself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be nerveless, inane, and a nuisance. He will be fit neither for the store, nor the shop, nor the field. A woman who gives herself up to the illusive pictures of novels, will be poorly outfitted for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter. There she is, hair disheveled, countenance vacant, cheeks pale, hands trembling, bursting into tears at midnight over the fate of some unfortunate lover; in the daytime, when she ought to be busy, she the prey of the half-hour at nothing; biting her finger nail into the quick. The carpet, that was plain before, will be plainer after having wandered through a romance all night long in tessselated halls of castles. And your industrious companion will be more unattractive than ever, now that you have walked in the romance through parks with plumed princesses, or lounged in the arbor with the polished despendo. O, these confirmed novel readers! They are unfitted for this life, which is a tremendous discipline. They know not how to go through the furnace of trial through which they must pass, and they are unfitted for a world where everything we gain we achieve by hard, long continuing, and exhaustive work.

Again, abstain from all those books which while they have some good things about them, have also an admixture of evil. You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great cinders. Once in a while there is a mind like a loadstone which, plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally just the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a hedge of burrs to get one blackberry, you will get more burrs than blackberries. You cannot afford to read a bad book, however good you are. You say: "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced the lock jaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see whether it would really blow up or not. In a menagerie in New York, a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopards cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek, and bright, and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand torn and mangled and bleeding. O, touch not evil, even with the faintest stroke! Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not, lest you pull forth your soul torn and bleeding from the clutch of the black leopard. "But," you say, "how can I find out whether a book is good or bad without reading it?" There is always something suspicious about a bad book. I never knew an exception—something suspicious in the index or style of illustration. This venomous reptile almost always carries a warning rattle.

Again! I charge you to stand off from all those books which corrupt the imagination and inflame the passions. I do not refer now to that kind of a book which the villain has under his coat waiting for the school to get out and then, looking both ways to see that there is no policeman around, he offers to sell to your little son on his way home. I do not speak of that kind of literature, but that which evades the law and comes out in polished style, and with acute plot sounds the tocsin that rouses up all the baser passions of the soul. To-day, under the nostrils of all this city, there is a fetid, reeking, washed literature, enough to poison all the fountains of public virtue, and smite your sons and daughters as with the wing of a a destroying angel, and it is time that the ministers of the gospel blew the trumpet and rallied the forces of righteousness, all armed to the teeth, in this great battle against a depraved literature.

Again: Abstain from these books which are apologetic of crime. It is a sad thing that some of the best and most beautiful book binding, and some of the finest rhetoric have been brought to make sin attractive. Vice is a horrible thing and has its birth in shame, and it dies howling in darkness. In this world it is scourged with a whip of scorpions, but afterwards the thunders of God's wrath pursue it across a boundless desert, beating it with ruin and woe. When you come to paint carnality, do not paint it as looking from embroidered curtains, or through lattice of royal seraglio, but as writhing in the agonies of a city hospital.

Cursed be the books that try to make impurity decent, and crime attractive, and hypocrisy noble. Cursed be the books that swarm with libertines and desperadoes, who make the brain of the young people whirl with their blasphemies. Who write them, ye publishers who print them, ye booksellers who distribute them, shall be cut to pieces, if not by an aroused community, then at last by the hail of divine vengeance, which shall sweep to the lowest pit of perdition all ye murderers of souls. I tell you, though you may escape in this world, you will be ground at last under the hoof of eternal calamities, and you will be chained to the rock, and you will have the vultures of despair clawing at your soul, and those whom you have destroyed will come around to torment you, and to pour hotter coals of fury upon your head and rejoice eternally in the outcry of your pain and the howl of your damnation. "God shall wound the hairy scalp of him that goeth on in his trespasses."

The clock strikes midnight. A fair form bends over a romance. The eyes flash fire. The breath is quick and irregular. Occasionally a blush deepens the cheek, and then dies out. The hands tremble as though a guardian spirit were trying to shake the deadly book out of the grasp. Hot tears fall. She laughs with a shrill voice that drops dead at its own sound. The sweat on her brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death. The clock strikes "four," and the rosy dawn soon after begins to look through the lattice upon the pale form that looks like a detained spectre of the night. Soon in a madhouse she will mistake her ringlets for curling serpents, and thrust her white hand through the bars of the prison, and smite her head, rubbing it back as though to push the scalp from the skull, shrieking: "My brain! my brain!" O, stand off from that! Why will you go sounding your way amid the reefs and warning bouys, when there is such a vast ocean in which you may voyage, all sail set?

There is one other thing I shall say this morning before I leave you, whether you want to hear it or not. That is, that I consider the lascivious pictorial literature of the day a most tremendous for ruin. There is no one who can like good pictures more than I do. The quickest and most condensed way of impressing the public mind is by picture. What the painter does by his brush for a few favorites, the engraver does by his knife for the million. When the author accomplishes by fifty pages, the artist does by a flash. The best part of a painting that costs ten thousand dollars, you may get for ten cents. Fine paintings belong to the aristocracy of art. Engravings belong to the democracy of art. You do well to gather good pictures in your homes. Spread them before your children after the ten hour is past, and the evening circle is gathered. Throw them on the invalid's couch. Strew them through the rail-train to cheer the traveler on his journey. Tack them on the wall of the nursery. Gather them in albums and portfolios. God speed the good pictures on their way with ministries of knowlege and mercy!

But what shall I say of the prostitution of this art to purposes of iniquity? There death warrants of the soul are at every street corner. They smite the vision of the young man with pollution. Many a young man buying a copy has bought his eternal discomfiture. There may be enough poison in one bad picture to poison one soul, and that soul may poison ten, and ten fifty, and the fifty thousands, and the ten thousands thousands, until nothing but the measuring line of eternity can tell the height, and depth, and ghastliness, and horror of the great undoing. The work of death that the wicked author does in a whole book, the bad engraver may do on a half side of a pictorial. Under the guise of pure mirth, the young man buys one of these sheets. He unrolls it before his comrades amid roars of laughter, but long after the paper is gone the result may perhaps be seen in the blasted imaginations of those who saw it. The queen of death holds a banquet every night, and these periodicals are the printed invitations to her guests. Alas that the fair brow of American art should be blotched with this plague-spot, and that philanthropists, bothering themselves about smaller evils, should lift up no united and vehement voice against this great calamity!

Young man! buy not this moral strychnine for your soul! Pick not up this nest of coiled adders for your pocket! Patronize no news-stand that keeps them! Have your room bright with good engravings; but for those outrageous pictorials, have not one wall, not one bureau, not one pocket. A man is no better than the pictures he loves to look at. If your eyes are not pure, your heart cannot be pure, and no one can guess the character of a man by the kind of pictorial he purchases. When the devil falls to get a man to read a bad book, he sometimes succeeds in getting him to look at a bad picture. When Satan goes a-fishing he does not care whether it is a long line or a short line, if he only draws his victim in. Beware of lascivious pictorials, young man, in the name of Almighty God I charge you.

If I have this morning successfully laid down any principles by which you may judge in regard to books and newspapers, then I have done something which I shall not be ashamed to be busy, as the days which shall try every man's work, of what sort it is.

Cherish good books and newspapers. Beware of the bad ones. One column may save your soul; one paragraph may ruin it. Benjamin Franklin said that the reading of "Cotton Mather's Essay on Doing Good" moulded his entire life. The assassin of Lord Russell declared that he was led into crime by reading one vivid romance. The consecrated John Angell James, than whom England never produced a better man, declared in his old days that he had never yet got over the evil effects of having for fifteen minutes once read a bad book. But I need not go so far off. I could come near home and tell you of something that occurred in my college days. I could tell you of a comrade who was great-hearted, noble, and generous. He was studying for an honorable profession; but he had an infidel book in his trunk, and he said to me one day: "DeWitt, would you like to read it?" "Yes, I would." I took the book and read it only for a few minutes. I was really startled with what I saw there, and I handed the book back to him and said:

"You had better destroy that book." No, he kept it. He read it. He re-read it. After awhile he gave up religion as a myth. He gave up God as a nonenity. He gave up the Bible as a fable. He gave up the Church of Christ as a useless institution. He gave up good morals as being unnecessarily stringent. I have heard of him but twice in many years. The time before the last I heard of him, he was a confirmed inebriate. The last I heard of him, he was coming out of an insane asylum—in body, mind, and soul an awful wreck. I believe that one infidel book killed him for two worlds.

Go home to-day and look through your library, and then, having looked through your library, look on the stand where you keep your pictorials and newspapers, and apply the Christian principles I have laid down this morning. If there is anything in your home that cannot stand the test, do not give it away, for it might spoil an immortal soul; do not sell it, for the money you get would be the price of blood; but rather kindle a fire on your kitchen hearth, or in your back yard, and then drop the poison in it, and keep stirring the blaze until from pinfeet to pinfeet, the last shall not be a single paragraph left, and the bonfire in Brooklyn shall be as consuming as that one in the streets of Ephesus.

News of the Week.

THE GROWING CROPS.

What the Weather is Doing to Hasten Them Along—The Signal Service Branching Out—An Important Report to be Made Weekly—The First.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—Gen. Greeley, chief signal officer, has arranged to issue, beginning with to-day, a special weekly bulletin with the view of promptly placing before the public each Monday morning reliable information relative to the climatic conditions in the agricultural districts of the country. It is believed that these bulletins, containing the deficiencies or excess relative to the temperatures and rainfall during the growing season, will serve as a reliable basis for determining the conditions favorable or unfavorable for the growing crops.

Following is the weather crop bulletin for the week ending Saturday, May 7, 1887:

SIGNAL OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, May 8, 1887.

Temperature—During the present year, commencing with January 1 and ending May 7, the weather has been colder than usual in the states bordering on the Atlantic coast and from New England westward over the great lakes, upper Mississippi and Missouri valleys to the Rocky mountains, the regions of greatest cold being in the states bordering on the great lakes and thence westward to the Missouri river, over which the aggregate deficiency of the daily mean temperatures from January 1 to date ranging from 100 to 200 degs., over the whole region named. During the week ending May 7, 1887, the temperature has been warmer than the average for the week in all districts east of the Rocky mountains, except Florida peninsula and Texas. The increase of temperature over the normal for the week in the wheat and corn regions north of the fortieth parallel of latitude has averaged about 50 degrees, and this excess has, therefore, caused a rapid advance of the season over the region where it was much retarded. In the South the region of excessive temperature has received a still further increase, and along the Atlantic coast the excess of temperature for the week ranged from 25 to 50 degrees, thereby reducing the deficiency in the temperature for the season in these states and giving conditions favorable to agricultural interests.

Rainfall during the season from January 1 to May 1, 1887—Since January 1 there has been a large deficiency in rainfall in the Northern states, ranging from 6 to 10 inches in the Gulf states and interior of the south Atlantic states. The deficiency in the grain regions of the Northwest has been slight, ranging from 1 to 3 inches, and in the Ohio valley and averaging about 1 inch in the upper Mississippi valley. The only region showing an excess of precipitation for the season are as follows: Northern New England, the lake region, the upper Ohio valley, stations on Lake Erie and in eastern Michigan, and in the western portions of Kansas and Nebraska. The greatest excess, ranging from 3 to 4 inches for the season, occurs in northern Ohio, the northwestern portions of Pennsylvania and New York. Slight deficiencies in the rainfall for the season are reported from central and southern California.

During the week ending May 7, 1887—during the past week the rainfalls in the northern portions of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota, and in the southern states, in central Mississippi, northern Georgia and Alabama, have been slightly above the average for the week, the heaviest rainfalls occurring in eastern Texas, Arkansas, and Southern Missouri, thus in a measure alleviating the drouth previously existing in those sections. In the western portions of New York and Pennsylvania and in Northern Ohio the rainfall for the week has somewhat increase the excess of rainfall already reported in these sections.

It will thus be seen that the season to date in the various sections of the country has been about as follows: In the grain regions of the North it has been comparatively cold and wet; in the cotton regions to the west of Georgia warm and unusually dry; in the cotton and rice regions on the South Atlantic coast cold and wet; in the tobacco regions of Kentucky, Tennessee and Pennsylvania, the temperature has been warmer, with rainfall slightly less than usual, except in Northern Kentucky, where the rainfall was slightly in excess.

From the reports received it appears that the meteorological conditions of the past week have had the effect of advancing the season in those sections where it had been previously retarded.

A. W. GREELEY, Chief Signal Officer.

OHIO CROP REPORT.

Wheat Shows a Shortage of About 30 Per Cent—May Be Better Though.

COLUMBUS, O., May 6.—[Special wire.]—The following estimates are based on returns from about 700 township correspondents received up to May 2 by the board of Agriculture:

Wheat, condition compared with a full average, 70 per cent; wheat drilled, compared with a full average, 85 per cent; wheat, condition of drilled, compared with a full average, 72 per cent; wheat sown broadcast, compared with a full average, 15; wheat, condition of broadcast, compared with a full average, 59.

Barley, condition, compared with a full average, 75 per cent.

Rye, condition, compared with a full average, 80 per cent.

Oats, average, compared with last year, 100 per cent; oats, condition compared with a full average, 92 per cent.

Clover, average date of sowing March 22; clover, average, compared with last year, 91 per cent.

The wheat crop of 1886 was 40,566,808 bushels, which was about a full average crop. The present prospect for the crop of 1887 is 28,400,000 bushels, a shortage of 30 per cent, compared with a fair average crop. Favorable weather may increase this estimate.

THE NATIONAL DRILL.

Perfecting Arrangements—Gen. Augur's Staff.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 6.—It is understood that Gen. C. C. Augur, who is to have command of the national drill encampment, will offer positions on his staff to Brig. Gen. James A. Carnahan, of Indiana; Brig. Gen. Johnston Jones, of North Carolina; Dr. David W. Yandel, of Louisville, Ky., and Capt. Samuel T. Carnes, of Memphis, Tenn.

The Second Brigade band of Iowa has been engaged by the military committee to head their parade. The Swiss Guard du Busche Zouaves entered yesterday for the camp, although too late to compete in the drill.

THE RIFLE COMPETITION.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—At the request of the executive committee of the national drill, Gen. Sheridan has detailed Col. S. E. Blunt, of his staff, to take charge of the rifle competition during the drill. The competition will be open to any regularly enlisted man or commissioned officer of the volunteer militia, the entries not to exceed two men from any one company, under the army regulations. Eight prizes will be offered, consisting of gold, silver and bronze medals. About 100 entries have already been received.

UNVEILING GARFIELD'S MONUMENT

The Departments to be Closed on Thursday Next.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—Employes in the Executive departments, who are members of the society of the Army of the Cumberland, will be excused from attendance on Wednesday and Thursday next to take part in the ceremonies of the business meeting of the society.

All of the departments will be closed at noon on Thursday, to enable the employes to witness the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the statute of Gen. Garfield. James and Harry Garfield will be present as representatives of the family, as Mrs. Garfield's health will not permit her to attend.

WAS MARSHAL NEY

Buried in South Carolina—The Residents of That Section Are Sure That the Remains of the Illustrious Frenchman are in American Soil.

THIRD CREEK, N. C., May 4.—Several prominent physicians of the Salisbury section some time since decided to exhume the remains of Peter S. Ney from their grave near this place, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they are those of the famous Marshal Ney, of France, who commanded the Old Guard at Waterloo.

Of all the romances which have had their inception in North Carolina, this is one of the greatest. In 1816 Ney appeared in this state. He was a singular man and from the very first attracted attention, although he used all possible means to avoid publicity. He taught school in Iredell and Rowan counties, and among his pupils were men who afterwards became prominent.

Certain facts were ascertained about this singular man which fixed the belief in the neighborhood that he was really Marshal Ney, in spite of the historical fact that Ney was duly shot in Paris. For years the matter has been discussed, not only here, but in all parts of the country and abroad. Dr. Lyman Draper, president of the Wisconsin Historical society, has taken deep interest in the matter, and in the past two years a great deal has been written on the subject. At the special request of Dr. Drayer some of the most prominent physicians of Salisbury agreed to exhume the body and to make a careful examination of the skull. Marshal Ney's skull was trephined, and if this skull can be found to have been similarly operated upon, it would be practically conclusive proof.

Among the pieces of evidence to add the assertion made by many here that Marshal Ney was the school teacher was this: A Frenchman from an adjoining county who had been a soldier under Marshal Ney and afterwards moved to America, was at a public gathering in Statesville one day and recognized the school teacher as his

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The cotton crop is in a most satisfactory condition so far.

James Grant, the novelist, is dead. He was 64 years old.

Staid old Boston has got the craze and is boring for natural gas.

The French cable was broken again this morning, presumed by icebergs.

Sir John A. Macdonald denies the report that he is to be raised to the peerage.

Emperor William's physicians have advised him not to go to Gastein this year.

The Ohio crop report shows an estimated shortage so far of about 30 per cent.

Mr. Parnell, the great Irish leader, is said to be suffering from a cancer of the stomach.

Dun's weekly trade review shows that business is improving very materially all over the country.

The Russian duty on iron and steel and on articles manufactured from iron and steel, has been raised.

The bill to adopt capital punishment for murder and rape was defeated in the Michigan Senate 19 to 13.

Southern Republicans say that a determined effort is being made to break the Democratic grip on the solid south.

The President of the Municipality of Iturbide, Mexico, has issued a proclamation ordering all males to wear pantaloons.

A Methodist minister in Ottawa, Canada, advises the members of his congregation to take little stock in O'Brien, the agitator.

At Hartford, Conn., the House passed a bill fixing a uniform license of $400 on strong liquors, and $150 on beer, wine, etc.

A prominent member of the Ottawa cabinet expressed his opinion that the entrance of Newfoundland into the Dominion is inevitable.

Statistics just published show that protection has greatly benefited Vermont, Free Trade croakers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Jefferson Davis has consented to attend the meeting of the Mississippi Press association, to behold at Meridian, Miss., on the 12th inst.

Judge Charles J. Faulkner has been elected United States Senator from West Virginia. There will be a contest when the Senate meets.

The Chief of the Signal Service bureau has begun the publication of a series of weekly reports showing the effects of the weather upon the growing crops.

Queen Kapiolani of Hawaii is being royally entertained in Washington, New York and Boston. She is enroute to London to attend Queen Victoria's jubilee.

Mr. William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, has arrived in this country to stir up feeling against Irish landowners and other Irish landlords who are evicting tenants.

Joseph Compton, of St. Clair County, Alabama, a member of the State Legislature, was found to be an ex-moonshiner and murderer and hastily left for parts unknown.

The Cigar Makers International Union modestly requests the loan of seventy-five millions of dollars from the Government for the purpose of establishing a co-operative business.

President Cleveland has issued an order closing the executive offices of the departments, including the public printing office and bindery, on next Thursday, the 12th, to enable all persons to attend the unveiling of the statue of Garfield.

Jennie Bowman, the Louisville girl beaten by the negroes Turner and Patterson, died from her injuries Monday night. A fund of $1,000 was raised for her during her illness. The police say they have evidence that will convict both negroes.

A complimentary breakfast was tendered Queen Kapiolani by Mayor O'Brien, at the Tarter Hotel, Boston, on Monday. There were 50 guests present. In the afternoon the royal party held a private reception in their apartments at the Parker House.

The Pittsburg *Post* prints interviews giving the views of every Democratic senator and representative in the State legislature on Pres. Cleveland's nomination. The summary shows in a total of 71, Cleveland has 50, Hill 10, and 11 are non-committal.

The imports of dry goods at the port of New York for the week ending May 6, amounted to $1,420,527, of which $1,205,022 were entered for consumption and $215,505 were warehoused. Withdrawals from warehouse for the week were $34,372, making a total amount thrown on the market of $1,559,394.

TWO MODEL CITIZENS

Occupying High Positions in Florida Pardoned by the Governor of Georgia for a Murder Done Twenty Years Ago.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 4.—Northern readers have scarcely forgotten the riot in which the Ames' circus was involved in Dawson, Ga., seventeen years ago. Dawson is a small town in Terrell county, Ga. Ames' circus, a rather small affair, with a pretty rough crowd of hangers-on, gave two exhibitions there in the fall of 1870. During the last performance there was a fuss between the attaches of the circus and a number of young men about the town.

The fuss began with a dispute between Ames and a man named Russell. In a jiffy pistols were drawn, slung-shots and sandbags unlimbered, and a general riot precipitated. Oxford, a brother of Russell's, rushed into the fray. The Kelly brothers, Charles and Jack Kelly, drew their pistols and sailed in to help their friends. There was indiscriminate shooting for perhaps a minute, when Jack Kelly, having exhausted his pistol, called out for another pistol, saying that he would clean out the rest of the thieves. When the smoke cleared away it was discovered that Ames, the proprietor of the circus, and Mr. Oxford were killed. Several others were shot, but none fatally.

The two Kellys were arrested, as they had been leaders in the shooting. Gov. Bullock took great interest in the matter and sent S. D. Irwin as special counsel for the state to prosecute the prisoners. They were first tried for the murder of Ames, but were acquitted of that. They were then tried for the murder of Oxford. Judge Harrell, who was presiding, charged that any man who was proved to have discharged his pistol in an illegal manner in a crowd, was guilty of murder, if by the discharge of his pistol an innocent man was killed.

Oxford had been shot, and although he was a friend of the Kelleys, in whose behalf they had entered the fray, they were convicted under Judge Harrell's charge of having murdered Oxford. Under this conviction they were sentenced to twenty years each in the state penitentiary, and were remanded to jail. Before their sentence was put into execution they broke out of the flimsy county jail, walked through the streets of Dawson and made good their escape to Florida. They went to Tavlor county, where they have since married and lead exemplary lives.

Charles Kelly is superintendent of public education of Taylor county, and one of the county officials. His brother is a member of the legislature, and has taken a high position in the House. It has been known for years that they were in Florida, just across the Georgia line, but they have not been arrested, and have worked their way into the respect and esteem of their new friends.

Lately a movement has been made in Terrell county to secure their pardon, so that they might revisit their homes, and that the sentence of the court, and the stigma it carries, might be lifted from their shoulders. A petition signed by 600 people of Terrell county, by every living juror who tried them, by the judge and the court officials, without exception, has been gotten up. This petition was laid before Gov. Gordon, through private parties, by a delegation from Terrell county. He declined to interfere until the men had surrendered themselves to the state authorities. Relying on the strength of their case, the friends of the Kellys urged them to come to Atlanta at once and surrender. They arrived in this city yesterday and to-day Gov. Gordon issued them a pardon, and they are now free in fact as they have been in reality.

TO PREVENT A CHANGE IN THE WILL

An Old Woman was Most Foully Murdered—Terrible Tragedy at New Haven, Conn.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 10.—Mrs. Margaret Ernest, a German lady aged 74 years, was found early this morning by the milkman in the front room of her house, No. 34 Spruce street, with her hands and feet bound with ropes and a rope around her neck. She had been choked to death during the night, and robbed. She was supposed to have had on her person at least $400 in bills, but when the coroner arrived this morning only $1.27 was found.

She was the owner of two houses and there is about $1,500 in the bank to her credit; being worth about $10,000. She made a will about two years ago, and had notified her attorney that next week she desired to see him, as she had concluded to change it. The coroner and police see in this fact the motive for the crime. She was the widow of John Ernst, a Union veteran, who died twelve years ago.

BOSTON BORING FOR GAS.

Convinced That it is Not All Above Ground —The Preliminary Work.

NEW YORK, May 9.—The *Times* says that there may be people who will doubt it, people who will perpetrate the stale old joke about carrying coals to Newcastle, but doubt or no doubt, jib or no jib, Boston is boring for natural gas. Something like an epidemic of natural gas has broken out all over the country.

Boston's millionaire speculators caught the fever only a few weeks ago, but she has had a regiment of more or less scientific prospectors at work most industriously ever since. Large sums of money have already been spent in preliminary work, and they are now about ready to put to a final test the theory that all the gas in Boston is not above ground. Harvard scientists and practical men from Pittsburg have all assured the capitalists that evidences are abundant in favor of finding gas in plenty.

AGAINST FREE TRADE.

Figures For Protectionists to Refute the Fairy Stories of Rampant Free Traders —How Vermont is Protected.

BOSTON, May 9.—[Special wire.]—The *Journal* prints some interesting statistics about the prosperity of Vermont farmers to refute the false charges made by free traders, who have endeavored to demonstrate by statistics that Vermont enjoyed its era of greatest prosperity in ante-bellum days and that the material interests of the state have decayed since the close of the war for the Union. By a system of mathematical jugglery, the published figures of the past and present conditions of the agricultural and industrial interests of Vermont have been presented in a manner calculated to support the assertion that the protective tariff has caused a general decline in the farming interest and been detrimental to the industries of the state.

Figures from the census of 1860 and 1880 refute those charges. The total value of farm products in 1860 was $17,542,-000. In 1880 the value was $22,082,000. There was a general increase in farms, in improved lands, in farm values, in stock and in the products of the farm. The only interest that shows a depreciation in the period named is the sheep industry. The number of sheep fell off from 721,993 in 1860 to 580,437 in 1880, while the amount of wool clipped in 1880 was nearly 1,000,000 pounds less than in 1860, but the greatest decadence of the sheep industry occurred under the new tariff period from 1840 to 1860. The loss during that period was over 950,000 sheep, as against a loss of 140,000 between 1860 and 1880.

Some specific products of the farm show a large increase during the era of protection. Take, for instance, butter. The figures representing each decade since 1850 are as follows: 1850, 12,137,980 pounds; 1860, 15,900,350 pounds; 1870, 17,137,980 pounds; 1880, 25,240,826 pounds. The number of milch cows has increased from 74,067 in 1850 to 217,-204 in 1880. The productiveness of the large farms is greater now than before the war and the quality of the farm productions has also been improved. The high tide of prosperity reached by Vermont farmers in 1880 as shown by the last census has not been still higher since that period, and there is ample official information at hand to demonstrate that the year 1886 has been the most prosperous one which the people of this state ever enjoyed. The harvest of 1886 was above the average of previous seasons and the total value of the agricultural production is estimated at $25,000,000.

There is a gain of $2,000,000 in the value of live stock on Vermont farms since 1880. The dairy interest had an appreciable growth during this period and last year it is estimated that 17,500,000 pounds of butter was made, or 2,500,000 pounds more than even in the year 1880. The establishment of numerous creameries and the introduction of the cream gathering system in many places in the last five years has resulted in an increased production of butter. The building of silos by many farmers has also been of advantage to the dairy interests. New England farmers are well protected from the competition of Canadian agriculturists on account of the duties imposed by the Republican tariff law on the imported products of foreign farms.

The growth of manufacturing industries and the development of the marble, granite and slate quarries of the state have been marvellous under the fostering wing of protection. No such increase in industrial production was ever dreamed of under free trade as that which has marked the period from 1866 to 1886. The census figures show an increase of nearly 1,000 manufactories, of employes, of $10,000,000 in the raw material used, of $3,000,000 in wages paid, of $14,000,000 in capital invested, and of $10,000,000 in the value of manufactured production for 1880 over 1860. This statement furnishes a pretty good argument for protection.

The value of the real estate and personal property in the state subject to taxation furnishes a pretty good index to the material condition of the citizens of a commonwealth. The largest grand list under free trade was in 1860, and the largest under protection was in 1886. The increase in population in this period was only 5 per cent, while the increase in accumulated wealth was more than 80 per cent. In 1866 the accumulated wealth in national and state banks possessed by Vermonters amounted to more than $28,000,000, a gain of nearly 700 per cent. The citizens of Vermont have increased their wealth, as represented in investments in banks and industries, from $15,500,000 in 1860, to $59,500,000 in 1886.

Vermont is not suffering a "dry rot" from protection, or from anything else. The practical experience of her citizens in the past indicate the wisdom of the Morrill tariff. Under protection the state annually produces 2,000,000 pounds of butter, 10,000,000 pounds of maple sugar, 1,000,000 tons of hay, 3,000,000 pounds of wool. It raises thousands of blooded horses and fine sheep, and sends to distant markets, large quantities of choice fruits and garden produce. Out of the millions of acres of which it is composed the state has raised products which are annually worth more than $20,000,000. The quarries of marble, slate and granite are mines of wealth which coin for their owners nearly $50,000,000 every year. The scale works, organ factories, woolen and cotton mills and other industrial works make goods every twelve months valued at nearly $25,000,000.

Here then we have nearly $60,000,000 in round numbers, as the value of the annual production of the agricultural and industrial interests of the state. The banks in the state hold $20,000,000 of the wealth of the people in the form of deposits. Since the enactment of the Morrill tariff, nearly 300 miles of railroad, representing an investment of $10,000,-000, have been built. War taxes of $8,-000,000 have been paid, the state is out of debt, and the burden of taxation for the support of the state government rests lightly on the people, the greater portion of the state expenses being paid by the corporations. Protection has greatly benefitted Vermont.

MR. PARNELL'S HEALTH.

Greatly Exaggerated Statements — His Successor Has Not Yet Been Named.

CHICAGO, May 6.—Mr. Alexander Sullivan was asked what truth there might be in the reported rumor of the serious state of Mr. Parnell's health, and what he thought of the intimation that Sir John Pope Hennessy was to be Mr. Parnell's successor as leader of the Irish Nationalistic party in Parliament.

Mr. Sullivan said that he had good reason for believing that the reports of Mr. Parnell's health was exaggerated. Similar sensational statements were made from time to time about other conspicuous public men. So long as Mr. Parnell lived, the choice of a successor for him as leader of the Irish party would not be considered.

As to Sir John Pope Hennessy, he is a gentleman nearly 60 years of age, who has been out of Ireland for many years holding colonial office. He was the first Catholic conservative elected to the British parliament. He supported a union of church and state, favored payment of the clergy by the tax payers.

For twenty years he has been a placeholder under the crown and is a knight commander of the order of St. Michael and St. George. He is a man of high attainments in certain special matters. But it is incredible that he shall ever be acceptable to the masses of the Irish people, as a political model.

AN INSANE FREAK

By Which Three Persons Were Lost to the World for Twenty Years.

MARQUETTE, Mich., May 10.—Twenty-one years ago John Flynn, aged 35, shut himself up at home with a sister, Mrs. Donohue, and was forgotten. Nine years ago Lawrence Donohue, son of Flynn's sister, disappeared. Apparently some mystery was connected with the house, which had been closed and the curtains down for years, although occupied by Mrs. Donohue.

Yesterday the city marshal forced an entrance and discovered Flynn, who had not been out for years, and learned that Lawrence Donohue was hidden in the same house, although he could not be found. The man refused to divulge his hiding place. The wreck of the old man had been in the house twenty years and her son Lawrence had not stepped outside the door for nine years. The old man fought desperately, but was taken to the poor-house. He is a pitiable looking object. Probably it is an insane freak, as no reason is given for the strange action of the two men and the woman.

STRIKE IN THE COKE REGIONS.

Its Effect Upon Business — Hungarian Operatives Going Home.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 6.—The ore pool which was formed by the different railroads centering in Pittsburg to control the shipment of ores from the coke points has been dissolved. It is not believed, however, that there will be any cutting of rates, as all the blast furnaces have made extensive contracts and all the railways will have as much of this class of freight as they can handle. The first shipment of the season was received yesterday. The strike in the coke regions has caused a total suspension of shipments of coke, and while it continues the railway companies will have 850 more cars a day for ore and other shipments.

THE CONDITION OF TRADE.

Enormous Increase Reported—Effect of the Inter-State Law—Boot and Shoe Trade Improving—Outlook Generally Favorable.

NEW YORK, May 7.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly trade review says that a feature of business reports the past week is the enormous increase reported at many western points. In that section the inter-state act, though checking trade at some important points, seems to have produced a feeling of extraordinary confidence in a much larger number of towns. Other causes, particularly speculation in real estate and activity in building, contribute to swell the transactions surprisingly.

At Cincinnati the clearings show an increase of 32 per cent, over last year; at St. Louis 16 per cent; and at Chicago 14. St. Paul and San Francisco report gains of 43 per cent.; Memphis, St. Joseph and Peoria exceeding 50 per cent.; Indianapolis and Denver nearly 80 per cent.; Omaha 102 per cent.

Apart from land trading and new building, other business has been remarkably active throughout that region. Denver notes an increase in the yield of precious metals; St. Paul a large output of flour; Cleveland, Cincinnati and Milwaukee show distinct improvement in trade and collections, and the supply of money seems everywhere ample.

At Memphis the activity is mainly in real estate and building. Eastern cities do not find a corresponding improvement in trade. At Philadelphia the exchanges show but little increase. A large amount of capital is going thence to the West on mortgage loans.

The boot and shoe business still improves, but woolen manufacture is depressed by a slow demand for goods, and several New England mills have stopped or reduced time. The high prices paid for new wool in the West, it is claimed, will make profitable manufacture impossible for many.

The dry goods market is quiet and prices well maintained. The grocery trade furnishes much complaint. The dullness of sugar yielded a shade; spices and tea dull; molasses steady.

In spite of active speculation in coffee the demand for consumption was limited. Railway earnings are proof of the fact that the traffic is large the increase is far short of the reported gains in the volume of business. The West reports for railroads for April show an average increase of 17 per cent. in gross earnings over last year.

Wheat exporting was checked by a corner in near options, which has advanced prices 3½ cents.

Cotton futures for June were also cornered and have advanced a quarter. Bessemer iron is 50 to 75 cents lower at Pittsburg. Sales of bar at 2 cents were not unusual at Philadelphia, and reports of large sales of pig at a concession while some rail mills are operating for next fall at $38. Already 967 miles of railroad have been completed against 654 to date last year, and new securities are offered in small and large amounts, but the uncertain prospect as to rates and the decisions of the inter-state commission affects investments in stocks, though prices generally rise.

The very large supply of money goes far to explain the situation. Not only has the treasury added about $4,270,000 to the circulation in April, but the abundance and cheapness of money in London are clearly felt here. Undoubtedly large amounts of foreign capital are seeking employment here in industrial and real-estate loans, because of the inadequate demand abroad. While this state of things continues, and crop prospects grow more favorable, the season of speculation and expansion in trade and industry is not likely to meet reaction.

Business failures during the last seven days number, for the United States, 153; for Canada, 29; total, 182, against 191 last week, and 192 for the corresponding week last year.

THE KENTUCKY CONVENTION

Has a Lively Debate Over the Resolutions, Which Are Finally Adopted—The Nominations.

LOUISVILLE, May 5.—The Democratic state convention resumed its session this morning, with Mr. Carlisle in the chair.

The discussion on the resolutions and platform was at once taken up.

Congressman Taulbe at once objected to the clause objecting to Pres. Cleveland's veto of the pensions, and there was a lively discussion between Taulbe and Hon. James McKenzie, present secretary of state.

Taulbe was finally sat upon by the convention, and the resolutions as drawn up by Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Watterson, were finally adopted, the following being the main points made:

We declare our confidence in the integrity and consistent devotion to duty of Pres. Cleveland; congratulate the country and party upon the accession at the Democratic administration, and we particularly applaud the President for the positive and courageous manner he has protected the treasury from pillage by the exercise of the veto power.

We favor honest civil service reform, by which we mean the enforcement of faithful performance by persons appointed to office of all public duties entrusted to them, and to this as well as to the maintenance of a spirit of our representative form of government.

We demand the fullest measure of personal party responsibility and are opposed to substitution in the room of this of life tenure, civil pension list, and all other appendages of the powers, a system foreign to the genius of our institutions and people.

We declare the honest money of the constitution good enough for the people as expressed in gold and silver and paper convertible into coin on demand, and repeal to all sumptuary laws. We contend that there are already on our statute books sufficient general laws, having local application, to protect the public morals without infringing on public rights.

We sympathize most earnestly with the people of Ireland in their struggle for local self-government, and we unite with the friends of liberal progress in all parts of the world in denouncing the coercive measures now pending in the British Parliament as a monstrous crime against a brave, generous and long suffering people, an obstruction to human freedom, against liberty in every land.

We view with alarm the growing tendency among certain classes of citizens to seek aid and bounty of the general government, and as an incident of this tendency to the enlarged powers granted, and to multiply powers never contemplated by the constitution, and we reassert the time-honored Democratic doctrine that "all the powers not delegated to the United States are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people."

We denounce the present war tariff, laid to confuse as well as to harass the people, as a masterpiece of injustice, inequality and false pretense. It has been maintained by a sophistical false theory of protection which robs many to enrich the few. It has piled up in the national treasury a surplus which menaces the prosperity of all classes and every industry.

We demand the immediate reduction of this war tariff, not merely as an act of redress to the people promised by all parties, but as the only safe and just method of relieving the surplus, and in making such reduction we demand, further, that the taxes shall first be abolished or lowered upon the necessaries of life, and finally, we reassert the constitutional and Democratic doctrine that the taxes should be levied exclusively for public purposes and limited to the requirements of the government economically administered.

Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner having been nominated by acclamation for governor, last night, Hon. James W. Byron, of Covington, was nominated for lieutenant governor on the first ballot.

The following additional nominations were made by the convention: S. W. Harman, of Mercer county, attorney general; Gen. Lafayette Hewett, of Hardin, auditor; Richard Tate, of Franklin, treasurer.

STANDING IN WITH THE SUN

To Furnish Light to Chicago—The Great Gas Deal Consummated.

CHICAGO, May 7.—Beginning this morning the sun and the newly formed gas trust company have a monopoly of all the light with which Chicago is to be blessed. There were formerly several electric lighting companies in the city. Yesterday, however, the entire control of the Thompson-Houston system passed into the hands of the Gas Trust company, and as they had previously bought out the other companies they virtually have a monopoly on all the gas and electric lights in Chicago.

Negotiations to this end have been pending for about a month, and have been engineered with the utmost secrecy. None of those interested care to talk very much about the matter, but it is stated that the price paid for all the plants was about $300,000. The deal was consummated yesterday, when the money was paid over, and the new company assumes control today. As expressed by a man interested in the deal, the object of the purchase by the gas syndicate was to place itself in a position to "furnish its patrons with either gas or electric light."

It is proposed to build a number of central stations containing the power for 2,500 or 3,000 electric lights, and this, it is said, will decrease expenses, so that the cost of lighting the city can be materially lessened. The policy of the company in regard to prices for gas and electric light in the future could not be ascertained.

Frauds in Pension Boards.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—[Special wire.]—It has recently come to the knowledge of the commissioner of pensions that in some instances members of boards of examining surgeons have presented false accounts. A recent case is that of a certain member of a board who rendered his account for examinations, in which he did not participate. The fees, amounting to $60, he refunded to the United States pension agent, after he had learned that the Pension bureau had discovered the fraud. Gen. Black has expressed his determination to vigorously prosecute such cases.

POLITICS IN THE SOUTH.

The Feeling Regarding Republican Successes in Southern Strongholds.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 7.—[Special wire.]—For some time strange rumors have been current in political centres in the South, of movements which would give an entirely new phase to the present party alignments. Prominent Republican leaders have been visiting each other and making trips to the North where they met men still higher in party leadership.

Several months ago one of the best known Republican leaders of this section made an alleged Western trip. Five days later a letter was received by a friend dated Augusta, Me., which indicated that the politician had changed his course. The party who received the letter inadvertently allowed it to be seen. Said he:

"It would not do for our scheme to be known yet, but we intend to throw the Democrats by a move which will leave them breathless. Jim Blaine is the man who has the dash to make it successful. If we get it into shape New York may go the winds, for we will carry the general election in spite of her."

In vain was he pressed for further explanation. He would only say, "wait and you will see."

It was just after this that Mr. Sherman made his Southern trip, tarrying with Mahone on his way done, and complimenting Gov. Taylor, of Tennessee, on his way back. Then, as a further preparation for events to come, W. D. Kelley, the Pennsylvania Congressman, has been spending the winter in Alabama. He was there when Congress opened and stayed until after Congress adjourned. His speech in Rome, Ga., one week ago, was a clever appeal to a Democratic audience. Distinguished Republicans went thither to hear him, and a kind of political love-feast was held.

Yesterday a correspondent had a long conversation with a Republican of wide reputation, who is invited to the national consultations. In that conversation the whole scheme of political maneuvering in the South was made plain.

He said: "It has been slowly dawning upon the Republican leaders that elections can no longer be carried on sectional issues. It is hardly possible that we could rally the Irish as we did in the last campaign. Now the plan is to strike for the South Leading Republicans have taken to the idea, and insist that in this move lies the salvation of the Republican party.

"The tariff cannot be relied on the Prohibition issue. There are Democrats in Georgia, for instance, who despise Sen. Colquitt, because he is a Prohibitionist. There are others who loathe Sen. Brown because he is an Anti-Prohibitionist. In Texas you have an example of the divisions which the question has caused. Then the tariff question has pushed the non-completed it will be of great assistance to the territories, as it will reduce the railway journey to just one-half of what it is by way of Montreal. It will then also be possible for cattle to be driven 600 to 700 miles over the plains without deteriorating the quality, as they would be if driven for only some 10 to 15 miles per day and thus would be fattening all the time, besides lessening the railway journey and expenses considerably. The Canadian Pacific charge $254 per car load from Calgary to Montreal and is willing to reduce the rate to $230, but to bring the trade it has reduced the rates from Winnipeg from $230 to $100 per car load, while the rate from Montana to New York is $270.

The following additional nominations were made by the convention: S. W. Harman, of Mercer county, attorney general; Gen. Lafayette Hewett, of Hardin, auditor; Richard Tate, of Franklin, treasurer.

NERVY TEXAN SPECULATORS

Running the Chicago Wheat Market, Making Big Profits on Cotton in New Orleans and Dealing Prices Everywhere.

GALVESTON, Tex., May 7—[Special wire.]—The million and a half bushels of June wheat sold yesterday in the Chicago wheat pit at 85¾@86 cents, is understood here to have been for the account of Galveston parties, who were taking in their profits. This wheat netted its holders about three cents per bushel all around. In addition to this the Galveston syndicate owns 1,-800,000 bushels of actual wheat in Chicago elevators, which was delivered last Monday. Moreover they did not get all the spot wheat they wanted, and have outstanding contracts for 500,000 bushels additional, which they are ready to receive.

These Galveston bulls have confidence in dollar wheat before the end of June, and are holding their cash stuff for $1.20. They are amply able to hold what they have and a good deal more under all circumstances, as the syndicate comprises three millionaires and as many half-millionaires who have shown much backbone of nerve. There is another syndicate in Galveston at present, comprising a portion of the wheat clique which is running a little deal in cotton, beside which the wheat deal is but a grain of mustard seed.

This syndicate also took in some of its profits yesterday, closing out over 20,000 bales of cotton at New Orleans at a net profit of about $4 a bale. They also bought heavily in New York, and are holding future contracts for something like 10,000 bales of cotton at Liverpool, New York and New Orleans, and own some 20,000 bales of spot cotton, all bought at about 1-16th below present prices. Their cotton holdings represent over 6,000,000 bushels of wheat at 85 cents.

This cotton syndicate embraces capitalists in New Orleans and other Southern cities, but New Orleans furnishes most of the money. The syndicate reports some $10,000,000 available cash, and their profits thus far have been very great.

CATTLE FOR ENGLAND.

A Bad Winter—The Canadians Reducing Rates.

MONTREAL, May 7.—[Special wire.]—Mr. J. H. Smith, representing John Swan & Sons, live stock importers of Glasgow, has returned from an extended tour of the ranching country in the northwest and British Columbia. He says the past winter has been the most severe for cattle ever experienced since ranching started in the northwest. Large losses on pilgrim cattle brought into the territories from Ontario and British Columbia will amount to from 20 to 25 per cent., while the loss on the old range acclimated stock will not exceed from 8 to 10 per cent.

Nine thousand head of cattle were driven over the plains from Montana to Maple Creek (283 miles east of Calgary) last year, and owing to the Montana ranges being so crowded it is expected that from 40,000 to 60,000 cattle will come in the territories this year, provided that the 90 days' quarantine of Montana cattle does not kill the trade.

Although beef is high at present, this state of things can last only for a short time, and cattle selling from $50 to $75 to-day will only be worth about from $40 to $45 in less than two months' time, and in a years' time the same cattle will not be worth more than $30 to $35.

Some ranchmen talked about the Hudson Bay route for their shipments of cattle. They say that as soon as the road is completed it will be of great assistance to the territories, as it will reduce the railway journey to just one-half of what it is by way of Montreal. It will then also be possible for cattle to be driven 600 to 700 miles over the plains without deteriorating the quality, as they would be if driven for only some 10 to 15 miles per day and thus would be fattening all the time, besides lessening the railway journey and expenses considerably. The Canadian Pacific charge $254 per car load from Calgary to Montreal and is willing to reduce the rate to $230, but to bring the trade it has reduced the rates from Winnipeg from $230 to $100 per car load, while the rate from Montana to New York is $270.

THINKS IT WILL PLEASE ENGLAND

To Hear that an Irishman was Locked Up for Preaching Dynamite.

CHICAGO, May 10.—[Special wire.]—There was a sensational incident at the anti-Coercion meeting at Battery D last night. A few minutes before 9 o'clock a man was seen pushing his way toward the platform. He was busily engaged in distributing a flaming red circular. Word went round that the man was an intruder, and one of the committee of arrangements was sent to know his business there and how he came to be disturbing the meeting.

One glance at the circular settled it, and the peddler of red paper was incontinently hustled to the doors. He struggled and fought with the tenacity and courage of a bull dog. Two or three stalwart policemen were called to the scene and the intruder was dragged outside of the building. His pockets were literally stuffed with circulars, and as the officers shook him into submission a shower of red hand bills fell from every fold in his cloths. These circulars red as follows:

"By Irishmen, Ireland will be free; no home rule; total separation, nothing else; dynamite the indigestible pill for John Bull; united revolutions, I. C. R."

No one knew what the last three letters represented, and the dynamiter was asked to explain. He would not offer an explanation, and the patrol took him to the armory. To a reporter he said his name was William E. Fitzpatrick, and that he was a painter by trade.

"Yes, I'm a dynamiter," said he, "and I've been a Fenian all my life. I believe in dynamite as the only power for Ireland. O, won't England rejoice when it reaches that country that an Irishman was locked up in Chicago for preaching dynamite."

IN THE FIRST DEGREE.

The Four McCoys Indicted for the Murder of Dr. Northrup, the Prohibition Martyr.

PORTSMOUTH, O., May 9.—The grand jury investigating the killing of Dr. Northrup at Haverhill, by the McCoys of that place, this morning ended their labors by indicting all four of the McCoys for murder in the first degree. The shooting is said to have grown out of the whisky selling case in which Dr. Northrup appeared as one of the prosecuting witnesses, and for doing which the Haverhill people say McCoy swore vengence against him.

CONDITION OF THE CROPS.

Important Figures Gathered by the Department of Agriculture at Washington Regarding Present Conditions.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The report of the department of Agriculture for May relates to the conditions of winter grain, progress of spring plowing, and the proportion of the proposed cotton area already planted.

It indicates a decline in the condition of wheat of two points since April 1, the general average for the whole country being 86, against 95 at the same date in 1886, 76 in 1885, and 94 in 1884.

The changes in condition have not been uniform throughout the winter wheat region, some states showing an increase, the majority a slight decline, and a few heavy falling off. The states of the middle Atlantic coast, from Pennsylvania to North Carolina, show some improvement, seasonable weather having aided the plant in recovering more than was expected from the injury done by the trying season during February and March.

In New York and New Jersey the amount of winter killing was not fully known on April 1, and this, with cold, unfavorable weather during April, has caused a serious reduction of condition. Drought has reduced the average somewhat in the eastern Gulf states, and has wrought very serious damages in Texas and Arkansas, lowering the condition during the month 19 and 10 points respectively. Favorable temperature and seasonable rains have improved the prospect in Tennessee, West Virginia and Kentucky, the condition being considerably higher in these states than it has averaged in May for the past five years.

The most serious reduction of the month is in Ohio, where the decline is falling off of eight points since the first of April, due to the continued evil effects of the alternate freezing and thawing noted in the last report, and to the cold dry weather during the greater part of April, which gave the injured plant little chance for recuperation. A favorable season after April 1 might have in a great measure repaired the injury done up to that time, but the continued unfavorable conditions have wrought still further damage, and a small crop is now inevitable.

Michigan and Indiana show a slight decline, while in Illinois and Missouri there is a gain of one point. Favorable weather in Kansas and California has caused a slight falling off, while in Oregon the prospect is advanced, it being the only state in which condition reaches 100.

The averages of condition by states are: New York, 86; Pennsylvania, 72; Maryland, 84; Virginia, 80; North Carolina, 90; Texas, 80; Arkansas, 83; Tennessee, 96; West Virginia, 89; Kentucky, 95; Ohio, 71; Michigan, 90; Indiana, 87; Illinois, 93; Missouri, 96; Kansas, 81; California, 89; Oregon, 101.

Rye has suffered from the same conditions which have injuriously affected wheat, but on account of its hardier nature, the general average is considerably higher, standing at 90.8 against 92.6 on April 1, and 95.7 at same date in 1886. The condition of barley is low, the average being 87.8 against 96.7 in May, 1886, and 82 in 1885.

The season has been more generally advanced in all parts of the country than usual, spring plowing being seriously behind only on the Atlantic coast south to Pennsylvania and on the Pacific slope.

In these sections it has been delayed by cold and excess of moisture. Elsewhere the work is ahead of an average year, the season opening early in April, and having been generally favorable with temperature above the normal and rainfall at a minimum.

The proportion already done on May, is estimated at 80 per cent. of whole, while the amount usually completed at that date is about 76 per cent.

The proportion of cotton already planted amounts to more than four-fifths of the proposed area, and is slightly greater than at same date in May of the preceeding five years, but is a little less than the proportion returned by the correspondents as the average planting at that date.

The proportions by states are: North Carolina, 70; South Carolina, 80; Georgia, 84; Florida, 96; Alabama, 88; Mississippi, 84; Louisiana, 83; Texas, 82; Arkansas, 89; Tennessee, 80. There is some complaint of slow germination and a poor stand on account of drouth at time of planting, in some sections, but with favorable weather replanting is rapidly filling all gaps.

MUST WEAR PANTALOONS.

Poor Mexicans, What Will They Do Now? —An Interesting Document.

ST. LOUIS, May 6.—[Special wire.]—A special from the City of Mexico, via El Paso, Texas, says that the President of the municipality of Iturbide, in the state of Guanajuato, has just issued the following highly interesting proclamation:

"Whereas, Many individuals of the male citizens of this vicinity wear in the present season only drawers which garments are so repugnant and immoral that they offend modesty, and are so many crimes against decency it becomes necessary to put a stop to the taken for the proper enforcement of the ordinance.

(Signed) "F. DOMINGUEZ,
"President of the Municipality of Iturbide."

There is no doubt that the above was issued in good faith, and it is so accepted and commented upon by the press of the republic.

The *Monitor* says: "This thing of pantaloons is well enough, but it is possible that the people of Iturbide may buy pantaloons of manta, the same material of which the drawers are made. How much better than will the situation be?"

Manta is the common heavy domestic of which much of the clothing of the lower classes is made.

IT WAS CAMDEN'S CHOICE.

The Election of Faulkner Mightily Pleases the Camden Faction—The New United States Senator.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., May 6.—These dispatches briefly announced yesterday the election of Judge Charles J. Faulkner, as United States Senator. Judge Faulkner was Camden's choice and was supported by Camden's friends. The kickers were anxious to compromise on any one providing Camden would withdraw, and cheerfully supported Faulkner in order to secure Democratic harmony. Faulkner is judge of the Thirteenth Judicial circuit, is 39 years of age, is a tariff reformer and was a rebel during the war.

Though too young to enter the service regularly, he fought in the ranks during the seige of Richmond. His father was minister to France under Buchanan and was Stonewall Jackson's chief of staff during the rebellion. The Democrats are jubilant over the election of Faulkner, and claim that all differences are healed and the party thoroughly harmonized.

Judge Faulkner is a son of the late Chas. Faulkner, who represented Virginia and West Virginia in the Congress of the United States before the late war. The senator-elect was born in Martinsburg, Berkley Co., W. Va., where he now resides, and is about 40 years of age. He is a lawyer by profession. He was elected judge of the Thirteenth Judicial circuit, and has held the office up to this time. He is considered one of the ablest judges in the state, and is universally popular with all classes.

WAGES IN IRON

Causing Considerable Uneasiness Among Manufacturers.

PITTSBURG, May 7.—Considerable anxiety is beginning to manifest itself among the iron manufacturers regarding the wage question for next year.

Voting at the different lodges of the Amalgamated association regarding the basis for a new scale to be adopted at the convention in June has given an indication that the Amalgamated people propose basing the scale on skelp instead of bar iron.

Manufacturers say this means an advance in wages. The selling prices of skelp iron have already advanced 2¼ to 3 cents, while bar iron continues to sell at the regular card rate, 2 cents. Many manufacturers refuse to take contracts, but are working on old orders. They argue that the workmen are making good wages and are not justified in asking an advance.

FRENCH SEAMANSHIP

Is Not Very Good—The Latest Regarding Saturday's Collision.

HAVRE, May 9.—It is now stated that the reports of the loss of life among the emigrants on the French steamer, La Champagne, which was beached after being damaged by collision with the steamer Ville de Rio, on Saturday, were exaggerated. Less than a dozen emigrants were drowned. The steamer La Bretagne, which will sail for New York on Wednesday, will convey the passengers of La Champagne.

It has been ascertained that the bark La Bretagne collided with and sunk during Saturday night, just before her arrival at Havre from New York, was the Norwegian bark Tellus, Capt. Throbjornsen, bound from Bonen for New York. La Bretange was not injured.

ENTERTAINING ROYALTY.

The Dinner Given by the President Last Evening—The Distinguished Guests.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—Queen Kapiolani and suite, with invited guests, including Sens. Sherman and Evarts, paid a visit to Mount Vernon yesterday, on the United States steamer Dispatch. At the navy yard the party was given a royal salute of 21 guns. The President gave a state dinner in honor of the Queen in the evening. The Queen arrived before the other guests and was received in the East Room by the President, who presented the rest of the company to her on their arrival. The principal decoration of the dining table was a large floral piece representing the two ships of state, Columbia and Hawaii, interwoven with the Hawaiian flag in flowers.

The President escorted the Queen to dinner, followed in the order named by the Chief Justice and Princess Lilinokalani; the Hawai